

Greenwich-P A R K:

A

COMEDY.

ACTED AT THE

Theatre-Royal,

BY THEIR

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by WILLIAM MOUNTFORT.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Hindmarsh at the Golden-Ball in Cornhill, R. Bentley, in
Russel-street in Covent-Garden, and A. Roper, at the Mitre in Fleet-
street. And are to be sold by Randal Taylor, near Stationers-
Hall. MDC XCI.

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Hall, M.D.C.C.

~~The Dedication~~
~~in which the Author~~
~~of this Comedy~~
~~has been~~
~~represented~~
~~to the~~
~~Right Honourable~~
~~Algernoon Earl of Essex,~~
~~Viscount Malden,~~
~~Baron Capell of Hadham,~~
~~and Lord Lieutenant of the County of~~
~~Hartford.~~

My Lord,
THE General good Character the World
gives of your Honour and Virtues, has
embolden'd me to beg your Favourable
Protection of this Comedy: And though it be a
hard matter for so young a Pretender to escape the
industrious Ill Nature and Malice of the Town,
yet I shall have this satisfaction, that if they'll not
allow me a Judge of Poetry, they must of Persons;
and they cannot impartially disapprove of my choice in
a Patron.

Indifferent Authors in most Ages have been incou-
rag'd and preserv'd under the Clemency of the Nobility,

The Dedication.

lity, in hopes they might be better: But the severity of our Wits would have the first Plays which are now written, equal to the best of Ben Johnson, or Shakespear: And yet they do not shew that esteem for their Works which they pretend to, or else are not so good Judges as they would be thought: When we can see the Town throng to a Farce, and Hamlet not bring Charges: But notwithstanding they will be Criticks, and will scarce give a man leave to mend; like the rigid Precepts and manner of the most Famous Master of Westminster: Who, though he has bred the greatest Men of Parts and Learning in this Age; yet I believe, if the Impatience and Spirit of his Knowledge could have submitted to the slower Capacities of his Scholars, he might have made many more.

Poetry, I must confess, has ever been my Delight, as Honour and Goodness, your Lordships. And tho' I can never expect to be as perfect in the first, as you are in the last; I am sure of two good supports from such Excellencies; and which your Lordship never omitted expressing to those who have seek'd your Protection.

Your early Gallantry for the Liberty and Welfare of your Country, in so needful a time (and where the

The Dedication

the small number of Volunteers magnifies your Lordship's being one) proves the Spirit of your Predecessors is left behind 'em: And though this Nation has heartily mourned the loss of one of 'em: Yet the death of a good Subject, like that of a good King, is best dispens'd with by the Publick, when his Virtues shine in his Offspring.

I would avoid the Censure of Flattery, and of tying your Lordship with the Commendations which you justly deserve: but perhaps may not desire. I have only this to say, that it is not to be doubted, but the Spirit which has inspir'd this Noble Undertaking of waiting on your Prince, will merit a Providence to preserve your Person. And as you will be a Credit to his Camp, may you return to be an Ornament to his Court. And as you are the Pride of our present young Nobility, may you be a Pattern for the future. Then I shall wish for the fancy of Mr Cowley, with the Judgment of Mr. Dryden, to express my Sence of your Worth: But in the mean time, I humbly entreat your Lordship would accept of the Hearty well Wisbes, and perfect (though distant) Respect.

Of Your Lordships most Humble,
Obedient, and Devoted Servant,

WILLIAM MOUNTFORT.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Thomas Reveller, an old wicked lewd Knight. *Mr. Lee.*

Mr. Raifon, a Grocer. Both jolly Citizens, *Mr. Nokes.*
and Companions with

Mr. Saphras, a Druggster. *Sir Thomas.* *Mr. Underhill.*

L. Worthy, a young Nobleman newly re-
turn'd from Travel. *Mr. Hodgson.*

Y. Reveller, Son to Sir Thomas, a wild
young Fellow, kept by Mrs Raifon,

and Courts Florella for a Wife. *Mr. Mountfort.*

Sir William Thenghale, a foolish Knight. *Mr. Bowen.*

A Beaux. *Mr. Bowman.*

Bully Bounce. *Mr. Bright.*

M E N.

Derinda, a private Mistress, kept by

my Lord Worthing and in Love with
Young Reveller. *Mrs. Barry.*

Florella, Daughters to my Lady Hazard. *Mr. Mountfort.*

Florella in love with Y. Reveller. *Mr. Mountfort.*

Violante, Violante with the L. Worthy. *Mrs. Laffels.*

Mrs. Raifon, in love with Y. Reveller. *Mrs. Knight.*

Lady Hazard. *Mrs. Osborn.*

Aunt to Derinda. *Mrs. Corey.*

Constable, Watch, Masqueraders, &c.

SCENE GREENWICH.

Prologue.

With the sad prospect of a Long Vacation,
The Fear of War, and Danger of the Nation;
Hard we have toil'd this Winter for new Plays,
That we might live in these Tumultuous Days;
Sad Days for us, when War's loud Trumpets sound,
Nothing but Beaux and Parsons will be found:
Look tot, you Men of Battel, of Renown,
They'll claw your Ladies off, when you are gone;
Servants for C. 'ity. Your Beaux's of Sense
Will's Coffee-house is the Office of Intelligence;
And for the Masks who hunt the smaller Fry,
Their Chocolate-House will their wants supply:
Our Play presents you with all sorts of Men,
From keeping Courtier, to the horn'd Citizen,
Whose handsome Wife brings in the constant Gain.
At Greenwich lies the Scene, where many a Lass
Has bin Green-Gown'd upon the tender Grass;
If Flammstead's Stars would make a true Report,
Our City Breed's much mended by the Court:
What Wagers about Mons were lately laid?
Had all that Money to the King been paid?
It might have sav'd the Tax of each Man's head.
I heard a Shop-keeper not long since swear,
If England's old Militia had been there,
We had spoil'd the Monsieur's Projects for this Year.
Since they depend so on their own Commanders,
Why weren't the Royal Regiments sent for Flanders?
With English hearts of Oak, and Horns well steel'd,
To Butt the Puny Monsieur from the Field.
But those who threaten him so much, I fear,
Were the enempt where any Foe was near,
Would not themselves behind their Counters here.

EPILOGUE.

Epilogue.

WELL, Sirs, is't Peace or War, that you declare?
 I am ready arm'd, 'tis my second here.
 If you're displeas'd with what you've seen to Night,
 Behind Southampton House we'll do you right,
 Who is't dares draw 'gainst me and Mrs. Knight?
 Be kind, Gallants, if you can mercy show,
 Press not the Plant which of it self does bow.
 Ladies, your Goodness is our best support,
 The Men must like the Play, if you are sort.
 And sure the Vizards will not cry it down,
 Since our Intrigues resemble still their own,
 Here all your Coquet tricks to th' life are shown,
 Will you take us to answer your desires?
 We look like two kind keeping Country Squires.
 You'll say we are Chits, too slight and little made,
 You'll scarce find larger in this Age, I Gad,
 For such a Pigmy-Race are now time up,
 They're but half sprouted, like a second Crop.
 The Fathers Sins are in their Offspring shown,
 And each now Puny Chit's an elder Son,
 Nature disowns the slender half-got Race,
 Every Lath-Carcase, with his small Pige-face,
 By Art endeavours Nature to out-do,
 And since he can't pass for a Man, 's a Beau.
 If such as these your favour, Ladies, find,
 To Knight and me, as Pages, pray be kind.

ACT

EPITLOGUE

ACT I. SCENE, *A Grocer's Shop.**Enter Raifon, his Wife and Servant.*

Mrs. Raif. **A**RE all my things carried to the Water-side, Sirrah?
Serv. Yes, Madam, and the Gally with an *Awning*, is ready to carry your Ladyship to Greenwich.

Raif. A Gally! why a Gally, Wife?

Mrs. Raif. Because you won't allow me a Coach, Husband.

Raif. And because I won't allow you a Coach with two Horses, you'll have a Boat with four Men?

Mrs. Raif. Yes, a Barge with twelve, if I had my Will: Must I jolt about in a Hackney, or trapes a Foot like my Inferiour Neighbours? Since you'll make no distinction of me at Land, I'll make some my self by Water.

Raif. I don't know what you would have; you go where you please, and come when you please; live how you please, and do what you please; have Money as you please, and yet I can never please you!

Mrs. Raif. Therefore I'll have those that can.

Raif. Yes, I suppose you have.

Mrs. Raif. 'Tis fit I should; did you not promise me when I marry'd you, I should keep my Coach, and live like what I was?

Raif. A Beggar.

Mrs. Raif. Did I marry you when I could have had——

Raif. No body else!

Mrs. Raif. The best of Quality; but that I credited your Proteftations: Did you not swear, I should out-shine the best of all the City, and yet deny me a sneaking 100 *l.* a Year for a Coach, which almost every Tradesman keeps his Wife for a Twelve-month, tho he break at the Years end for't?

Raif. They deserve it, when their Vanity exceeds their Ability: You took an Oath too, Wife, to Love, Honour, and Obey me; but you have taken your own Measures for all that; you have a Spirit that the Devil cannot Conquer, and a Desire that I cannot satisfy: You make me Ridiculous where ever you come, and seem as if you were ashamed of me.

Mrs. Raif. Since you will not use those Methods to gain my Love which you know will do't, I look upon you only as my Convenience.

Raif. Yes, I have been a Convenience to your whole Family: Five hundred pounds your Brother had to buy him a Company, which was broke in two Months; then he set my Prentice at Dice, cheated him of Two hundred pound, which he robb'd me of: And three hundred pound your Father had to purchase a Place at Court, to keep him from his Creditors, which he lost one night at the Groom-Porters, and durst never peep out of Whitehall since. Indeed you are a

B

Gentlewoman,

Gentlewoman, and have behav'd your self like one: In less than a fortnight after I married you, you ran away with a Captain of the Guards, and I was forc'd to take you out of his Lodgings with a Messenger; and you have play'd me abundance of pretty tricks since, which my Love and Folly has forgiven: So I have been your Father's Bubble, and your Brother's Cully; the Mark of the City, the Shame of my own Family, and your Cuckold and Conveyancy.

Mrs. Raif. Let me but have a Coach, and I'll live as you'll have me.

Raif. Don't think of a Coach, and you will live as I'll have you.

Mrs. Raif. Why, Ingrate, the *Physician* keeps his Wife a Coach, and is not worth half so much as you are; besides you have fin'd for Alderman.

Raif. Ay, and if I had not fin'd for Fool, in giving your Relations a thousand pound, you might have had a Coach.

Mrs. Raif. Why, I did not advise you to't.

Raif. Yet would never let me rest till I did it.

Mrs. Raif. Why, let me have a Coach, and I'll save it in other things; I'll catch Cold else every Winter, and it shall cost you as much in Slops; for my Cloaths are so good, and my Shoes are so fine, I cannot walk a Foot.

Raif. Oh Citizens! Citizens! how are the times altered, since your Wives wore High-crown'd Hats, Farendin Gowns, Red-Cloth Petticoats, Spanish-Leather Shoes, and trudg'd about in Pattons: Now your Feet must be furnish'd with a Guiney a pair; your *Milliners* Ware from the *New-Exchange*, the Old can't please you; your Silks bought in *Covent-Garden*, *Fater-noster Row* has no Choice. We are a pretty Corporation! that are the Metropolis of the Kingdom, furnish the whole Nation, yet cannot please our selves! like *Vintners* that love to be Drunk in others Mens Taverns! well may we decay, when our Wives, like French Mistresses, send our Money abroad.

Mrs. Raif. If the times are alter'd with the Wives, so they are with the Husbands, since they wore slash Doublets, short Cloaks, and open-knee'd Breeches, with their own thin lank Hair, that look'd like the Fringe of a Blanket, or the strings of a Bunch of Leeks; you can now wear the best Fashion and richest Cloaths, Swords upon occasion; come Drunk to a Play-House; pick up Whores at the Chocolate-House: Be bubbled by Sharpers at Ordinaries: Carry a good Face at Change, though within a day of Breaking; take up 3 or 4000*l.* under pretence of unexpected Bills; whip over to the *Kings Bench*; Bilk your Creditors, and die with the Curse of Orphans and Widows on ye.

Raif. I pity them that do so. But Women commonly bring 'em to't.

Mrs. Raif. But not their Wives.

Raif. Their Wives or their Whores, they are Women still: Why, how extravagant that Head looks now, what a Monument of Topnots is there! On my Conscience, if the *French* had landed, the Heads of the Women might have serv'd for Beacons all over the Nation.

Mrs. Raif. Well, well, shall I have a Coach?

Raif. Not this Year.

Mrs. Raif. Shall I have one the next?

Raif. I can't tell.

Mrs. Raif.

Exit. Alf. Nay, you won't give me a positive answer?

Alf. Well, think on't.

Mr. Alf. Well, think on't, Roagler. I long for a Coach; and I will have a Coach; and you may have it out of Claret; you set a price you can get no Children to inherit what you have, I'll spend it; and thou shalt never live an hour till I have a Coach; and so think on't. *Enter* A Hostess of Drunkards, eternal Tobacco-Smoker; must I be contented with a Beast that stinks perpetually, sits up till two or three of the Clock in the Morning, and knows nothing but his Bottle some times a Week together? The World shall know what a Bed-fellow thou art, that smokes all night, and art sick in the morning; thou Debilitated Booby, thou sapless rascal.

Alf. What will become of me? Beat her I can't, hate her I can't, turn her away I dare not. If I could complain of her, I must not, for my own Reputation suffers in't; besides, she has such a bloody crew of Relations, that would murder me, if I should do any of these things. A Pox of all Fools that marry poor Gentlemen, for you wed their whole Family, and entail a Plague upon your Posterity. Well I'll go up to Sir Tho. Reveller, invite him to Dinner, with two or three more, and drink her out of my head. The Daughter of a Knight, with a pox to the Honourable Sir Francis Haughty, Brother to the Viscount Blunderbuss, Baron of Rocky Hills in Scotland! Well, take warning all by me.

I Robert Raifon Grocer, do beseech you to send some more of this good stuff to have sent to bold and so, Sir.

Took the Daughter of a Knight from Covent Garden, - *Exit.*
all Worth 10000 £ the not one Farthing.

SCENE II. Tower Hill.

Enter at one door the Lord Worthy, and Servant. At the other Young Reveller.

L. Wor. Bring my things out of the Boat, and call me a Coach.

Wor. Yes, Master.

Rev. I think I have heard that voice, I'm sure I have seen that face.

L. Wor. George Reveller!

Rev. My Lord Worthy! Welcome ashore: how long has this happy Island been blest with your approach?

L. Wor. Pristee, sweet Orator, lay aside thy Rhetorick, and Preserve it for Friends of lesser date; I am glad to see thee, and take my joy heartily.

Rev. Nothing more acceptable by the pleasure of friendship.

But my Lord, being so long abroad in the Courts of celebrated Breeding, I was afraid a hearty English Salute might have been too gross for the tender Constitution of Italian Ceremony.

L. Wor. Why faith, George, there are follies all over the World; but by my long absence, and observation, I have studied to despise 'em; I can be Courteous without Formality, Cleanly without Vanity, Friendly without Flattery, free from Prodigality, yet Generous in what is necessary, Honest without Partiality;

tiality; and can be merry with a Friend, without talking Bawdy or Divinity.

T. Rev. Faith, my Lord, I can't match you; if you expect such Virtues here, you must e'ns keep company by your self: Why you'll be envy'd by the Wise, and scorn'd by the Fools: for a true *English* man abhors what he cannot reach, and neglects what he can.

L. Wor. Well, *George*, if thou art as free from these sins, as thou wert when I left thee, I shall compleat my Travels in thy so wish'd for Conversation, and repent that my curiosity abroad kept me so long from home.

T. Rev. Nay, my Lord, I was heartily griev'd my Fortune would not admit of my accompanying your Lordship abroad, but I have been faithful in my Correspondence to your four years Travels, and my Letters never miss of any passages here that were worth your acceptance.

L. Wor. Dear *George* I thank thee for 'em; and but that I thought I should sooner reach thee than a Letter, I had given thee notice of my arrival; for I came in the Pacquet Boat from *Calis* to *Dover*, where I took Post to *Greenwich*, shifted my self, and so came hither; and had I not met with you, was going to seek you.

T. Rev. I am glad this accident prevented that trouble, I was just going to *Greenwich*; but if you please, we'll go back to the Change, pick up an honest fellow or two, and dine at the *Rumour* in *Queensfrees*; which, tho' the dearest, is indeed the best accommodated house we can boast of.

L. Wor. What, are all the famous Houses about *Covent-Garden* and *Charing-Cross* abolished?

T. Rev. Faith, my Lord, they are mightily degenerated, since *Stephen* the wife, the witty, and the gay, and the Prince of all Company, as well as all hearts, forsook us: Those that are left of that glorious Society, are retired from the world, and mourn the remembrance of their lost Companions, that Wit and good fellows are as hard to be found, as Conscience in a Jury, or Honesty in a Guardian.

L. Wor. Well, since those *Golden Days* cannot be call'd again, we must make the best of our present Insufficiency, and be as happy as we can, tho' not to such perfection. For to tell thee truth, *George*, we have a very indifferent Character abroad; and the respect to an *English* man is lessen'd extreamly; our understanding is become a jest, by our not knowing what we won'd have; and the next Age must play the Fool within its own bounds, for as the *Gent. Usher* says in the *Rehearsal*, for Politicians no body else will take us.

T. Rev. 'Tis a sad truth, my Lord, for our distractions, which we might heal, we strive to enlarge; and our misfortunes abroad are occasion'd by our follies at home: Our Nobility love their Ease and Pleasure, the Gentry are Careless and stubborn, the Commonalty grumbling and Pensive, the Clergy Ambitious and froward, and the Mobile mad for an Insurrection.

L. Wor. So much for Politicks; but setting State Affairs aside, how does the old Gentleman your Father?

T. Rev. Why 'tis a tall Thief, my Lord, he'll bend double before he'll break, and prefers living with his Equals below, before going to his Betters above: he'll let me, as most Parents do their Children, who are at vast charge to give

'em the Education of Gentlemen, and, when they're fit for the Society of such,
Barve 'em.

L. Wor. Is he in Town?

T. Rev. Ay, my Lord, and ten to one but we meet him at Change; he's a jolly Spark, and loves his Whore and his Bottle, as well as the Lewdest of Eighteen.

L. Wor. Are our Youth so perfect at 18, *George*?

T. Rev. Ay, my Lord, as our Grandfathers were at 50; Youth now keeps Company with Age, and Men with Boys; Vice is so much Improv'd within these ten years, and madness so Pregnant, that within five more our Lads at 12 will begin to Whore and bear Drink, as *Portuguese* Women do Children, and be past it at five and twenty; they're Downright sots at 30, Drivel on till 40, when being fit for nothing but Hospitals, they expire in a Flux, and you read in the Bill of Mortality, they dyed of a Fever.

L. Wor. Well, prithee let's be gone, for I long to see some of these whose Characters thou hast given.

T. Rev. As we go, my Lord, we'll call at the old Gentleman's Lodgings; Probably he's at home; I must inform you, as you go, of his humour, that you may the better know how to manage him: Next have a care you buy not the sight of these Sparks too dear, for they'll fasten on you with the least Encouragement you give 'em, and they'll worry you with more Questions, than an old Scholar would his Son, when he comes home from School at Christmas.

L. Wor. O fear not, I Love Fools as I do a Landkip, they're always best at distance. *Tom* bring the things. [Exit.

SCENE III. *Sir Thomas Reveller Dressing himself.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, the Steward has brought his Accounts, according to your Worships Order.

Sir Tho. Bring him in; I look freuzy this morning, ad I must leave off this Drinking, it will kill me else; For the heat of my Body's so violent, it will set the Clarret within me a Boyling, and make a hash of my Bowels for Satan; Yet, I look pretty well of my Age too; What a pox I'm but eight and forty, and have Lungs as shrill as an Eunuch, so, la, la, la; ah that Eye, *Sir Thomas*, that Leer of the left Eye has broke many a heart, you old Rogue; *George's* Eye, Son *George* has the same Eye to a T, ah 'tis a Wicked Dog at a Wench, but a cursed Rogue keeps all his Whores to himself; he won't let his none Dad come in for a snack; I'm forc'd to lay on my own Maids, and then the Coach-men get 'em with Child, and the Whores put 'em upon me; ad I must take up, I must take up my Life, and take down my flesh; I have had 20 Coach-men within this 10 year, and every one of them has left me the Illegitimate substance of his Brawny Ability.

Enter Steward, gives Sir Tho. the Account.

Sir Tho. Is this a sincere Account of the last 3 months?

Stew.

Sew. 'Tis both *Sinner* and *Just*.
Sir Tho. It may be so, but tis very Extravagant; three hog-heads of *Brandy* Beer Drank out in one Day by Harvest People.

Sew. Yes, and please you.

Sir Tho. Yes, and yes me; it went thorough you as fast as they *Drink*; they could never hold so much.

Sew. Yes, and make nothing on't.

Sir Tho. So methinks. Stolen one night 3 *Piggs*, 7 *Turkeys*, 9 *Geese*, 11 *Ducks*, 13 *Hens*, and 15 Dozen of *Pidgeons*, by the new-raised *Dragoons*; what will they do when they come to be old *Souldiers*? But they're always in an *Enemies Country*, tho' Quarter'd on their own *Fathers*. Spent like wildfire at several times with the *Overseers*, about agreeing for giving *Securities* for 4 *Maids with Child*.

Sew. Servants, and like you.

Sir Tho. Yes, they have serv'd me finely! which were lost so by the afore-said *Souldiers*; so what they rob us of in *poultry*, they give us in *Bastards*, a pretty Exchange. Spent at fair *Sarah* the *Dairy-Maids* crying-out, who in her Labour laid the Child to your *Worship*; why, you Son of a Whore, laid it to me! I had known her this 12 Months.

Sew. Sir, the Swore.

Sir Tho. Sirra she's a Bitch if she Swore any such thing, and I can satisfy a Jury of *Midwives* I have kept past it this 10 years; a young *Dragoonet*, I'll be hang'd else; Owns what an Age we live in, that the *Civil-Powers* must keep Whores for the *Military*, and maintain the Children at their own Charge! I had a Sister but 12 year ago, that run away with a *Welsh* *Esquire*, who made a Beggar of her in a years, Post her the third, was Hang'd the 4th for a High-way Man, and the Burnt in *Wales* for a *Clipper*.

Sew. 'Tis a crying shame, Sir, that ones own Kindred can't be safe for them.

Sir Tho. It is so, wherefore I will Petition, that the Army may have a certain allowance of *Strumpets*, which shall be maintain'd by the *Country Gentlemen*, that we may keep our Families and Relations for our own use.

Enter *Salsaparas*.

Sasa. Good Morrow, Sir *Thomas* the *Worshipful*, how is it, Sir?
Sir Tho. Mr. *Salsaparas* the *Daughter*! 'faish warm with last Nights *Topping*, my Head Akes, and my Hand Shakes, this Morning.

Sasa. Ah, Sir *Thomas*, that will be an our years, if we drank water; but indeed, we roar'd mightily, were very Merry, and Bumper'd it about cheerfully, and my Neighbour *Raison* the *Grocer* was pure and Wicked after you left us.

Sir Tho. Ay!

Sasa. Ay, fackings.

Sir Tho. Why, Prithee? What did you? for I went home at 9 of the Clock.

Sasa. Why, we were Delitious and Lured, and had a mind to play some of your *Covent Garden Tricks*, and Court *Discreetness*; and Mr. *Diller* the *Wood-*

Alonger

Monger goes Home very Drunk, and like a true Gentleman, kick'd his Wife, and went to Bed to his Maid.

Sir Tho. A very good night, *Health*. *Steward*, depart, this Wickedness is too Gentle for your Capacity.

Stew. Yes, Sir, and would become me as ill as your Companions: These Citizens would feign do something like Courtiers; but I find they affect their Vices, as they do their Fashions, never till the Gentry are both weary and ashamed of 'em. [Exit *Stew.*

Enter *Raison*.

Rais. *Sir Thomas*, good day; Neighbour *Sasapbras* the same; well how is it Gentlemen? Pure, Bonny, Blich, Brisk, Gay, Jolly, Whimsical, what say you? season'd with last nights Wetting, for to days soaking? does not the Spirit of Claret shine in your Souls, and illuminate your Faculties, inspiring your Understandings fit for fresh Wantonness, ha?

Sir Tho. Well said, Landlord *Raison*, the Honour of the *Grocers* I faith!

Sasa. And Master of the Company, you forgot that, *Sir Thomas*.

Rais. How now, *Sasapbras* the *Druggster*, old Ingredient for Claps, Infusion for Potions, and Author of wry faces.

Sas. Free from the Noose of Matrimony, Old Spicer of Plumb Porridge, Quett Ale, and Funeral Dead Claret?

Sir Tho. To him, Sugar-Loaf.

Rais. Well said, Batchelor, old Bandy Solitude, and Single Fornication.

Sasa. Why, thou'rt as brisk.

Rais. Why? my Wife's gone into the Country, I'm Lord of all, and Master of my self.

Sasa. Till she returns, Neighbour *Raison*.

Rais. Right, Neighbour chip Roots.

Sir Tho. I gad, if she were mine, I should be loth to trust her in such public places, as thou dost; as *Epsons*, *Uxington* Wells, and *Greenwich* Park. Ad if I were a young Fellow, my Mouth would so water at her.

Rais. Like enough. I warrant you, there are Fellows water at her, and it may be she thirsts after them; may be she's Honest, or may be I'm a Cuckold; all Married Men must stand to their Wives Mercy; and if I should be one, I have so much Sence, as not to make a noise about what I cannot help, and had rather be a private Plague to my self, than a Publick Jest to the World.

Sir Tho. Advice to Cuckolds, *Seneca* the 2d.

Rais. Pish, Poz, if we Marry Gentlewomen, they'll play us Gentlewomens Tricks; we Citizens marry them for Love, and they take us for Interest: I wonder at the Impudence of any Tradesman, to think to keep a Gentlewoman to himself.

S I N G S.

Ye Citizens of London,
That will have Gallant Wives,
Ye never would be undone,
If you'd Marry Dames in Quivers.

But Gentlewomens Tales
Swore for the litch of Loving,
And when she Fancy once Prevails,
Their Buttocks will be Moving.

Safa. Ah Boys, ifackins, he's in a rare Cue to day, his Wife's absence has new Soul'd him.

Sir Tho. We will not baulk this good Humour, where shall we Dine?

Rais. Faith, with me, *Sir Thomas*, this is my Birth day, and I'll Drink To the Memory of he that got me, she that bore me,
 And Heaven grant Wife thou dy'st before me.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, There's my Lord *Worthy* newly come from Travel, and my young Master below.

Sir Tho. Entreat my Lord to Approach, but bid your young Master wait below, till I send for him.

Safa. Why, what a crooked temper'd Knight's this, he will do nothing his Son would have him, nor suffer him to follow his own desires.

Enter Lord Worthy.

L. Wor. Sir *Thomas* Reveller, may a Man be admitted to your Embraces after six years absence?

[Embraces.]

Sir Tho. Heartily Glad to see you on my Soul, my Lord. Pray be pleas'd to know, my Landlord *Raison*, and his Neighbour, Mr. *Sasaphras* a Drugster, ingenious Men both, particular Members of the Common Council, and in all private Affairs consulted for the good of the Publick.

L. Wor. Seeing 'em in your Company, is a sufficient Testimony of their good Parts.

Safa. Sir *Thomas* is pleas'd to be Witty, my Lord; but we have some Power in this City, and should be Proud if your Lordship had occasion to use it.

Rais. We are plain Men, my Lord, but have good Credit, and can make our Friends welcome; we can Drink without being Exceptionous, be Merry without State-Affairs, hate parting when we are good Company, abhor knowing how the time goes, therefore no body carries a Watch amongst us.

Sir Tho. Pray, my Lord, how long have you been in London?

L. Wor. Faith, Sir *Thomas*, not an hour, and if my Good Fortune had not thrown me on your Son, must have been a Wanderer much longer; but he has the strangest fancy, he told me he'd bring me to his Father, and I could not get him up stairs by any Perswasion.

Sir Tho. I sent to him to stay below.

L. Wor. No, Sir *Thomas*, before I saw your Servant he swore he would not come up.

Sir Tho. Swore it, I'll make him break his Oath, or break his Neck; *Jack*, go and bid *George* come up.

[Exit Servant.]

Rais. I suppose he has told your Lordship his Father's Humour, he's forc'd to act by contraries with him; I swear it's pity, he's a fine Gentleman, and I love him extremely.

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. I never knew a Cuckold in my Life, but was fond of the Rogue that made him one.

L. Wor. Why truly, Sir, I think Nature has been juster to him, than his Fortune, which I am sorry is not equal to his Merit; and all the Virtues I could wish my self, or in a Friend, I find in him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, your Son's gone.

Sir Tho. How, Gone!

L. Wor. He's but gone to Guildhall, he said he'd walk there till I came.

Sir Tho. Fetch him, Sirrah.

[Exit Servant.]

Rais. 'Tis true indeed, my Lord, and I am sorry his Father won't let him live like a Gentleman.

Sir Tho. What, you'd have him Master of my Purse, as your Wife is of yours! as long as the world knows he is a Gentleman, what's matter for his living like one; 'Gad, I know abundance about this Town that live like Gentlemen, and are aham'd to own their Parents.

Safa. So far I must side with Sir Thomas, he allows his Son to live on the sharp, and that's like most of the Gentlemen of this Age.

Sir Tho. Come, come, 'tis best pinching 'em in their Youth, they'll the better know how to prize Money in their Age.

L. Wor. Faith, Sir Thomas, that Precept seldom takes effect; for a Son is apt to run into Extravagancies the latter part of his Life, to make amends for the ill usage of the first; and when Pleasure's in view, Consideration's a Foe.

Rais. Understandingly spoken, my Lord; this Travelling is an ingenious thing, 'tis pity, that there are not half a dozen Members of the Common Council, sent yearly abroad to learn Politicks; at the Expence of the Nation.

Sir Tho. What, how to Cheat more than you do. Pox, Tradesmens Politicks consist in Lying only, and yet need not go out of your Parishes to learn that.

L. Wor. But pray, Sir Thomas, how long have you forsook the Court, and Embrac'd the Order of Citty?

Sir Tho. Why, ever since Knavery took Place of Honesty.

Safa. And that's a long time, Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. I speak in my days, Pimp.

Rais. There's a Bob for Batchelors, for they're all so.

Sir Tho. There's nothing but Whoring, and — for Whoring, I think we are pretty even with 'em here; but there's Gaming and Perjury, Murder and Blasphemy, Divinity and Hypocrisie, running in Peoples Debts, and borrowing of Money: I'll say that for the Honour of the City, I have liv'd here this 3 years, and han't been struck for a Guiney by any younger Brother among 'em.

Safa. He that won't provide for his own Son, will scarce lend to an Acquaintance.

Sir Tho. Peace, Bedlam.

My Lord, shall I describe you the Life of a t'other end of the Town, thorough-pac'd Rakehell.

[Kicks backwards.]

Raison:

Rais. Pray let him, my Lord, he's an admirable busy Man.
Sir Tho. 'Tis to speak ill of every Man; yet be courteous to all Men; borrow of most Men, and pay no Man; always at home to their Whores, and ever abroad to their Creditors; to Cheat their Brothers, Debauch their Sisters, to be Drunk Nightly, Arrested Weekly, Beaten Monthly, Pout Quarterly, Live Cursedly, Dye Wretchedly, and so be Damnd to all Eternity.

Safa. Here's the Spleen of the City, my Lord; we can be as sharp upon them as they upon us, sometimes.

L. Wor. Pleasantly described, in faith, *Sir Thomas*.

Enter Y. Reveller.

But see your Son.

Sir Tho. What was the Reason you did not wait on my Lord up stairs, Sirra?

Y. Rev. You sent me word it was your Pleasure I should stay below.

Sir Tho. And therefore you went away, Jackanapes.

Y. Rev. I thought it not for your Honour, I should keep Company with Footmen.

L. Wor. Nay, *Sir Thomas*, You must not look upon him now as your Son, but a Friend of mine, and pray be Civil to him for my sake.

Sir Tho. Sir, for my Lord's sake, you're very welcome.

Y. Rev. Nay, Good Sir.

Sir Tho. Why, Tom Totty, will neither Austerity nor Civility please you?

Rais. Good my Lord take him off, there will be a Quarrel else.

L. Wor. Well, *Sir Thomas*, I'm resolv'd we'll Dine together, since I did not pay my Foy when I left the Town, I'll pay my Welcome to't.

Rais. If your Lordship pleases, let me give you your Welcome; *Sir Thomas* has Promis'd to Dine with me, 'tis my Birth Day, and if you'll grace it with your Presence, I'll give you a Cleanly and Hearty Entertainment; we'll have Wine in abundance, speak but one at once; Wit as it happens, and no Wives.

L. Wor. Truly, Sir, the Invitation is indeed alluring.

Sir Tho. Come, my Lord, be good Natur'd for once, and let my Landlord have the Maidenhead of your Arrival.

Y. Rev. I think, my Lord, we can't do better.

Sir Tho. Who spoke to you, *Jack Sause*, you may Dine elsewhere.

L. Wor. Nay, *Sir Thomas*, you forget he's my Friend.

Y. Rev. Nay, Sir, I ask your Pardon; for I'm engag'd, now I think on't, at *Pontacks*, tho' not with such good Company.

Sir Tho. Indeed, Sir, and now I think on't, you shall not be engag'd at *Pontacks*.

Y. Rev. Indeed, Sir, but I am.

Sir Tho. I will break your Head, if you say that again.

Y. Rev. Why, Sir, my Word is past.

Sir Tho. Therefore you shan't go.

Y. Rev. Would you have me break my Word, Sir?

Sir Tho. Break your Word, Sir, 'twon't go for a Groat, Sir.

Safa. That's your fault, *Sir Thomas*.

Sir Tho. Druggster.

But I'll make you break it, for having the Impudence to engage your self in any thing, without advising with me.

Y. Rev.

Y. Rev. What, not to dine with a Friend, Sir?

Sir Tho. No, Sir, not to say your Prayers, if I think fit.

Rais. Let him alone, my Lord, there's no other way of working him.

L. Wor. I know it.

Sir Tho. Did you never pray for my Death, Sirrah? answer me sincerely. Did you never wish me at the Devil?

Y. Rev. I have wish'd him out of you often, Sir.

Sir Tho. Out of me! Why, you Dog, do I incorporate with the Devil?

Rais. This is too far. Come, come, Mr. George, you shall dine with me.

Y. Rev. Indeed Mr. Raisin, I shall lose a Guinea if I do. For I left one as a Forfeit, if I made not my appearance.

Sir Tho. Come, come, George; stay George, thou shalt not want for a Guinea.

Y. Rev. Sir.

Sir Tho. I say thou canst not want for a Guinea; my Landlord Raisin, or Mr. Sasaphras, will lend thee a Guinea.

Rais. What, and the Father present!

Safa. No, thank you for that.

Y. Rev. I cannot stay without the Guinea.

Sir Tho. Why get you gone and be hang'd, you mercenary George. [As he's going off.]

Y. Rev. Sir.

Sir Tho. Won't you dine with your Cuckold, you fair-fac'd Dog?

Y. Rev. My Cuckold!

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, you leering Rogue, my Landlord; ah you're a fly Toad, George.

Y. Rev. I know nothing on't, Sir.

Sir Tho. Why did you never lie with his Wife, Smock-face?

Y. Rev. Not I, Sir.

Sir Tho. As you hope to be sav'd.

Y. Rev. Nay, Sir.

Sir Tho. I'll knock you down, you cursed Dog, if you stand in a lie to me.

[Offers to strike him, who offers to go.]

L. Wor. Nay fie, Sir Thomas.

[Parts him.]

Sir Tho. A harden'd Rascal; why whither are you going, Sirrah?

Y. Rev. Out of your presence, Sir, that I may not disturb the Company.

Sir Tho. Stay, Sirrah. I cannot let him go, because he has a mind to't. And must you lose a Guinea if you stay, Sir?

Y. Rev. Ay, Sir, besides the Conversation of some pretty Women.

Sir Tho. Pretty Women Sirrah! My Lord, we'll all go and dine with George.

Rais. Come Sir Thomas give him the Guinea, I had rather give it him my self, than be without his company.

Sir Tho. Why then give it him, if thou lik'st it so well.

Rais. Not before you, Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. I'll go out of the Room.

Safa. Ah, hold there.

Sir Tho. I have no Gold about me; — my Lord will you lend George a Guiney?
L. Wor. Ay, Sir, twenty, if you say the word.

Sir Tho. No, no, but one, my Lord; nay, give it George, but one, my Lord; twenty I must pay him, one he may forget, or be asham'd to ask for't.

Rais. Come all's well, and we'll be rare and merry.

Sir Tho. George be cheary, I will lay by the authority of a Father, and dedicate this day to Familiarity and good Fellowship.

L. Wor. Give me your hand on't.

Sir Tho. There 'tis, and if I talk like a Parent, break my Head.

Y. Rev. There's mine, Sir, I'll do't.

Safa. Come, my Lord, lead the way.

Rais. Pray do, my Lord, and we four will sing a Whim *ex tempore*. Eat an Oyster before Dinner, and take a whet.

L. Wor. Away with it.

Rais. S I N G S.

The Son's reconcil'd, and the Father is free.

Safa. *The Husband's at home, and the Wife is abroad.*

Y. Rev. *We'll empty the Cellar, and drink it quite dry.*

Sir Tho. *But every man here shall have his full load.*

Rais. *Confusion to him that's not true to his Friend,*

Safa. *And hang the dull Rogue that shrinks from his Wine,*

Y. Rev. *May all hard hearted Parents and Usurers mind,*

Sir Tho. *And may Sons at their Fathers never repine.*

Rais. *May all these good Wishes increase with our Riches,*

But a Fox take all Wives that e're wore the Breaches.

Chorus. *May all, &c.*

Exeunt.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE, A Garden.

*Enter Florella and Violante.**Flor.* Well, this Young Reveller's not coming to Dinner vexes me.*Viol.* Ay, and had not Mrs. *Raison* come down this Morning, you would have been much more uneasy.*Flor.* Why truly I should have thought 'em together, that's the wicked truth on't; but hang him, he has more Mistresses to divert himself with: These young Fellows that run at all, value no body any longer than they're with 'em. Well, Virtuous Women, when once they're in love, should never let the man stir out of their sight, till they've made him sure; for we set the Devil a dancing in 'em; and because we won't comply without Matrimony, they meet while their eager some kind she that has less Grace, which reaps the fruit of our Labour.*Viol.* Fie, how you talk!*Flor.* Fie, how I talk! why you think the same, and so does the whole Sex.*Viol.* Have you no Regard to Virtue?*Flor.* Yes, as long as Virtue has any Regard to me. Prithee let us not affect that nicety when we're alone, which we assume in Publick: I confess I would not go beyond the Rules of Honour, and yet I cannot help envying those that do, when I think they enjoy my Lover.*Viol.* Florella, a lewd satisfaction is but of a short date; And however Gay or Splendid a Miss may appear for the time she Triumphs, she falls at last as unpriy'd, as unhappy; for the thoughts in each Man, that every fool who has money is as acceptable as himself, makes the Woman as cheap as the Pleasure.*Flor.* Why, do you believe that none of the Women about the Town were ever true to one man?*Viol.* No more than I believe one man is enough for the Women about Town. The vanity that first betray'd 'em, always pursues 'em. Pride makes more Whores than Love. Love ne're made Whores; Conveniency and Lust: Love's pure and chaste, the Beauty of the mind, if so allow'd; the Beauty of the mind can ne're abuse the Glory of the Soul: They that can sit contented with their being, will never use base methods to advance it: And I cannot help thinking that the who will be Debauch'd to mend her condition, will afterwards lye with any man that can better it.*Enter Boys.**Boy.* Here's a Letter from Mr. Reveller, to Madam Florella.*Flor.* So, the Rascal has sent an excuse, that's better than nothing.*(Reads)* Dear Madcap, (somewhat familiar for a Lover of a Fortnights standing) I was robb'd of thy Company by the Arrival of a Friend, my Lord Worthy, who this Morning came to London, being returned from his Travels, and waiting on him to my Father, was kept by the old Fellow at Dinner; pray pardon the misfortune, since 'twas not my own seeking: I will wait on you this Evening in the Park, and bid your Sister look about her, for I will bring my Lord, who is as mad to see her, as she will be to have him, when she knows him. So in hopes to Cherish you in Sickness and in Health, I remain your Obedient, George Reveller. And

And thou shalt obey some time, *George*, for I know I must hereafter altogether. D'you hear, *Sister*, how you're threatned?

Vio. Oh, forewarn'd forearm'd; however, if he be so accomplish'd as your Lover has spoke him, as frozen a Virgin as I am, I may be melted: but when that time comes, *Florella*, I'm resolv'd, if possible, we'll be Married the same Day, and Bedded the same Night, that the Ignorance of one may not put the Experience of the other to the Blush.

Mrs. Raif. Your Servant, Ladies, what taking the Air to digest the Fumes of your Dinner?

Vio. Any thing, Madam, to avoid sleeping, which I am mightily given to after meals?

Mrs. Raif. 'Tis very unwholsome, indeed: But your Mother expects you, for there are several Ladies come to visit her, and she wants your good Company to help her to entertain 'em.

Vio. We'll wait on her, Madam; come, *Sister*.

Flor. Stay, I'll vex her a little first. Will not young Mr. *Reveler* be here to Day, Madam? he promis'd to come and play at Cards again.

Mrs. Raif. Why, do you like his Company so well, Madam?

Flor. No, Madam; but I find he does mine; you were the first that introduc'd him into the Family, and I was civil to him for your sake, which I find he misinterprets, and has sent me a Love Letter.

Mrs. Raif. A Love Letter! what was in it? pray let's see it.

Flor. 'Twas not worth your Reading, or my Remembering, and I expos'd it to the flames the minute I perus'd it. And tho' his Father makes Love to my Mother, I have more value for my self, than to admit the Addresses of one who is a Beggar; and so pray tell him.

Mrs. Raif. I shall; and severely; Madam.

Flor. She's rouz'd. Will you not walk, Madam?

Mrs. Raif. Ple but gather a few Violets, and follow you.

Vio. Eye, why would you fret the poor Woman so? You might spare her the use of him, 'till you purchase him your self.

Flor. Hang 'em for Cuts-Loaves, as they call 'em; if it were not for the Conveniency of such, young Fellows would marry faster.

Mrs. Raif. Oh false base Villain! have I maintain'd him, kept him even from starving, fed still his Pride to keep his Figure up, slighted the Addresses of great Men for him, neglected every duty of a Wife, and Sacrific'd my name, my Peace, and all the ornaments of Reputation? With him I ran away, e're scarcely warm within my Husbands Arms: oh 'twas too short a Siege, he won too easily the Fort, which had to others seem'd impregnable; without an Oath I render'd him my Heart, and in the Zeal of Love forgot conditions; I had intentions to forget the Monster, return to the Obedience which I swore; for what I use so ill deserves it not; nay, I had resolv'd it, had fram'd my self by mild Degrees to leave him. I would have been his Friend tho' still in want, and could with ease I thought have parted with him.

But that which was indifferent before,
His Loving her now, makes me Cover more.

[Exit.]
SCENE

SCENE II. Dorinda and her Aunt.

Dor. Oh tell me not of Honour, what I ought
Of Obligation's Gratitude to *Wesley*;
'Tis true, he is the Man who first seduc'd me,
And thou art she who first betray'd me to him:
I then was Poor, was ignorant of Sin;
So Innocent, that had I lov'd as now,
I could not for the Soul of me have told
What 'twas I long'd for more than talk and kisses.

Aunt. Well, well, Experience has cur'd those Errors,
And I suppose you can tell what you long for now.
You know this young *Reveller* is your Lord's Friend,
Who was so fearful of the World's admiring you;
He would not trust him with the Knowledge of you:
What can you hope for? If his Friend has Honour,
He cannot condescend to wrong his Love.

Dor. He knows me not, nor nothing of my Being.

Aunt. You will be known in time, and then consider
What the Event will be of such a Breach;
My Lord can ne'er forgive so foul a Crime;
And in the heat of Vengeance both may fall;
You then will wish you had kept the worst of 'em.

Dor. Impertinent, thou pratest for thy last rest,
And seest no further than my ill-got Pension:
When Vice grows Ancient, it grows Mercenary.

Aunt. Well, well, I was believ'd in the days of your Stepmother, when
you sat with your Needle in your hand from morning till night, with a short
Meal a day, whilst all her own Children took place of you; and then was ap-
peal'd to, and my Advice was acceptable.

Dor. It was my Poverty that gave the Credit;
Temptation in Affliction seldom fails.
Freedom was first propos'd, and first inclin'd to;
Then Wealth, which made that Freedom relish better.
My Vanity was eager of the Baits;
And thou with Art didst play in to my likeings:
Fools, when they find their Masters Weaknesses,
Are Eloquent in flattering their Errors:
The Wife that would correct them are thought Fools.
I lov'd the Purchase, but I curst the Price:
My Pride, not Inclination did undo me.

Aunt. But now your Inclination will, I find:
What is it you propose in following *Reveller*?
The Man must live on you, you can't on him;
Ner will your Stock maintain your Follies long;

Can't

Can't you take one without forsaking t'other?

Keep both, and I'll side with you.

Let *Reveller* his absent Hours supply,

But let the others Gold still make you easie.

Dor. Thou art a worthy wicked Counsellor:

Sin when it shews good nature is excusable;

My Treachery must thrive by Treachery;

I know the Act I am about is base,

But that serves little, when I cannot help it.

Morality, thou art unprofitable;

When once our Souls are prejudic'd to Reason,

Affection helps the most decrepid sense,

And reconciles Impossibilities.

Aunt. Do you stand to my Proposition?

Dor. Oh, any thing to feed my Hopes;

These four Years to the World I've liv'd a Nun,

Convers'd with nought but Books, and thy dull self,

And use at last made Solitude most easie;

But oh, that fatal Morning be accur'd,

When Curiosity debauch'd my Quiet.

'Twas Yesterday, would some Disease had stop't me,

Fond of a fight, I forc'd thee to the Wells,

And Criticis'd upon a crowd of Fools;

Each Fop Buz'd, in a Road of talk, his Folly,

And being Masqu'd, I was oblig'd to hear 'em;

I laugh'd at the insipid Chatterers,

And was diverted with variety.

Aunt. Till *Reveller* approach'd?

Dor. 'Tis true. I love my Weakness, tho' I blush to own it:

That *Reveller*! why was he made so Lovely?

Not but I could have stood the Charms of Person,

Had he not back'd his Beauty with his Tongue;

I was a stranger too to Conversation;

But Reading, which inform'd me, that the rest

Were Fustian Souls, uneducated Blockheads,

Prov'd *Reveller* had Art with wondrous Sense;

His words fell easie, soft, not starch'd with Method,

Nor was his Language cramp'd with unknown Terms;

His Arguments gently conquer'd mine,

And when he found me silent, urg'd 'em strongest.

Aunt. Why would you go? I perswaded you against it.

Dor. Thou didst,

But 'twas an evil Itch that would not bear thee.

Aunt. Will you not be content to stay at home?

Aunt. 'Tis strange! you have the fence o' th' ill, yet cannot shun it; Judge equally the Benefit and Loss.

Take in the cooling draught of Temperance;
And weigh impartially, ere 'tis too late.
You that can argue thus the right and wrong,
If you'd endeavour, sure might make good choice!

Dor. Oh, thou mistakest, the weighing it confounds us.
It is in Love, as 'tis with Factious Writers,
Who state and answer every thing themselves;
That side seems fairest which they most affect.

Aunt. Well, well, since it cannot be hope, you must have the Man, and there's an end on't.

Dor. I must, I will, by Heav'n I have him now,
I feel the Panther throbbing at my Heart,
And hugg'd by every Artery about it.

Ant. Still let's be merry and wise, as the saying is:
What will you do about my Lord Worby?

He has sent you a Letter here, but you won't see it; he says he will be down to night.

Dor. Give it me—— (*Reads.*) Dear, dear Dorinda, (*Dear and dull, but come let's on*) this morning I came from Dover to Greenwich, where my Treasure was, but unknown to me; in the pursuit on't I have lost such precious hours, as nothing but thy self can make amends for: They told me, where I use to direct my Letters for you, how you were dispos'd of, and had not Y. Reveller hinder'd me, I had been with you as soon as this: But at night expect a longing Lover, to whom Dorinda is the dearest Object.

Worby.

Aunt. Well, and who could write prettier; or indeed, who is prettier? I don't think you have mended your choice; he's Young and Handsom, Rich and Noble; the other has nothing but his Wits to live on.

Dor. To night! why Reveller meets me to night! nor will I miss the appointment, for ten Lords.

Aunt. Why, you don't mind what I say to you?

Dor. Disturb me not—— what's to be done?

Aunt. Why, what are you thinking of?

Dor. How to avoid this Worby.

Aunt. Mercy on me now; Heav'n forbid!

Dor. Do you forbid his coming, or I go.

Aunt. Go, whither?

Dor. Any whither, Madness ne're wants a place.

Aunt. What will become of us?—— Consider.

Dor. Perish Consider! I have curst all thoughts but those which favour Love and Reveller.

Aunt. Well then, he shall be put off. I'll tell him, that you went to London to see for some Letters, just before his came, which is probable enough, and so mis'd each other; and that you being fearful of the Water would scarce venture to come home to night; but says I, when she hears of your coming, her Love will do any thing: Then after you have discours'd with Re-

eller, you may come in at from *London*, which will the more and more endear him to you.

Dor. Do as thou wilt, and tell me on't hereafter.

Aunt. Sure you might hear what's for your own good, one would think.

Dor. Talk but of *Reveller*, and I'll listen calmly;

My Soul shall dwell on the enticing Tale,

And I'll be stupidly in love with Silence;

No Passion ever, ever equal'd mine;

But oh, my *Reveller*! be thou as kind,

What harmony will be in both our Souls!

Whilst trembling sighs bedew the willing Lips,

And every squeeze still closer than the former.

Oh Extasie!

But hold, keep down my Joy, it were a Crime

That I should lose my self before my time.

SCENE III. *The Park.* Enter *W. Reveller* and *L. Worthy*.

T. Rev. This coming by Water has refresh'd us mightily.

L. Wor. Or like *Women* with Child, it had no Operation with 'em; I was

pretty far gone when we took Boat, but the Air has somewhat settled me.

T. Rev. How did you like the Entertainment, my Lord?

L. Wor. Much better than I thought I should; they are the honestest *Plains* I ever met with; and as the Father says, *George*, I wonder thou canst have the heart to cuckold so honest a friend to the Bottle, as *Raison*.

T. Rev. Faith, my Lord, I'll be ingenuous with you; 'tis an Intrigue of a pretty long standing, and tho' it be somewhat scandalous to receive more Favours from *Women* than one, my necessity has oblig'd me to comply; for ever since your Travels she has been my Father.

L. Wor. Thy old man has us'd thee scurvily; truly, but this Amour with *Florella*, as thou talk'st of it, if it succeeds, will put it out of his power to wrong thee.

T. Rev. I have fair hopes on't, she's worth 15000*l.* and her Sister as much. They are the Co-heiress's of Sir *Tho. Hazard*, a famous Merchant, that died about two Years ago. Their Mother-in-law, my Lady *Hazard*, did order it so, as to be their Guardian, but the Money's their own upon the day of Age or Marriage; nor is there any scurvy Proviso of the Mother's liking, and so forth; and if I can but secure the Inclination, the Money comes of course.

L. Wor. How came you acquainted?

T. Rev. Why, you must know, my old man has made Love to the Mother this six Months; she has 1200*l.* a Year for her life, which her Husband gave her, not as a Jointure, but generously, when he dy'd; which with my Father's two thousand pound *per annum*, will put 'em into a condition of living without being oblig'd to Relations. But indeed Mrs. *Raison* was the person who first presented me to the Family, for she Boards in the same House with 'em.

L. Wor. And thou hast well rewarded her. I wonder at the Humour of *Women*,

men, that can't have a handfom young Fellow, without the vanity of showing him; had she never brought you into better company, when her own Discretion had kept, what her Folly has lost.

Y. Rev. I think both Sexes are equally to blame in that point; and especially Husbands that carry their handfom Wives to all the publick places about Town, as if men married for the approbation of the World, and not their own liking: Now, when I drink, I make use of my own Pallat; when I buy any thing, my own Opinion's my guide; and not the persuasions of the Seller.

L. Wor. But, George, you'd take it ill to put on a new Suit, and have the Town dams your fancy. Every man loves to hear his choice commended; and a rarity in any kind will be shewn by the owner, out of the pride of his particular possessing it.

Y. Rev. Why truly there is something in that, my Lord; But I had rather keep my Money in my Pocket, than by exposing my Stock, give Sharpers opportunity of borrowing it.

L. Wor. But see, George, Reticos's new Suit, and Florella's new Dress.

Y. Rev. The right, I hope; I know you, Madam, by that vicious turn of your head; and fidelity.

Flor. Indeed, Sir!

Y. Rev. Yes, indeed, Sir——my Lord——Madam, you know what I writ in my Letter: Pray unmask Ladies, that my Lord may be satisfied I spoke truth; for I have given ye Beautiful Characters.

Flor. I think an honest face need not blush, tho' somewhat homely. Come, Sisters, let's see the work of us; lest my Lord should think us uglier than we are. I think our faces are clean.

Y. Rev. Little Charmer!

L. Wor. If my Friend, Madam, bought his Curiosity as dearly as I shall purchase mine; he's in a languishing condition, I assure you.

Flor. Soft and fair, my Lord; you are an Artist. I find; that can love, as Fiddlers play, at first sight.

L. Wor. Love, as it's unaccountable, is irresistible.

There must be a beginning, why not now?

A Laziness in liking is insipid.

Nor would you prize the lightning of your Eyes,

If it were slow in giving us the Wound.

That Flint is best, that fires at first stroke.

Such fierce-born Sparks, if they not take effect,

Proves that which should receive 'em is in fault,

And makes the Stricken poevish.

Flor. The Fire that kindles quickest, burns too fast;

What boils too fierce ne're strengthens, but decays;

The simmering, tho' slow, is still the stronger.

L. Wor. No method, sure, can be allow'd in Love.

Prudence and passion never were ally'd.

The Flame which Reason rules has Interest in't:

What's rais'd by Art, is still maintain'd by cunning.

The naked looseness of the Soul is best;
And that which shows most madness, owns most love.

Vio. I find you are experienc'd in'r, my Lord; and I think you have not been in the Green of Love, since you were a Boy. Can lie Pth' Way, or his the Heart as pleasure. I am a Stranger to my Brash yet; Nor is it from my weakness should be challeng'd By one who knows the Ground, and all its rubs;

L. Wor. The Game which I propose I'm sure to lose at; The most unknowing of your Sex in that, Will quickly learn, and baffle the Instructor.

Vio. My Lord you go too far, I'll hear no more.

Flor. So, his Wit has made him too familiar; and she has done with him; What can you say now that's pleasant and modest? I know 'tis a Restraint upon your Capacity to talk civilly and well: But if you don't, I shall follow my Sister.

Y. Rev. As you say, Madam, Lewdness is most easie, especially to those who abhor Virtuous Company; but I, who am naturally addicted to goodness, can bear a Subject as Pious as the Priests of our times.

Flor. So, your Vice will peep in spite of your Tiffany-Virtue: But, I hear, talk to me of nothing but Love; and manage it so that I may believe you say, honest Love too, mark that, Sir!

Y. Rev. That latter obligation is somewhat heavy! Prithce let's talk of ither Love, tho' we shall act none; the thoughts of a Mills has oftentimes relish'd a Wife.

Flor. Indeed, Sir! is your Stomach so queasie? methinks you might swallow the bitter-Pill of Matrimony, when so sweet a bit as my Sister is to follow!

Y. Rev. Faith, Child, I bear a Conscience, and had rather serve thee for nothing, than take so unreasonable a price for my labour.

Flor. Truth is, I don't know whether you'll deserve it; and all think I had better keep my money, than run the hazard of so uncertain a purchase.

Y. Rev. Pox on't, thou hast too much Wit for a Wife; besides, I suppose you have such a Villainous Constitution, as to expect me all to your service.

Flor. I leave that to your own discretion; but if you should play me foul, may you only think at the same time I am serving you the same face; and go on as well as you can.

Y. Rev. As you say, when a man can't trust his Servants at home, he can take but little pleasure abroad: I find I shall be undone, in spite of my aversion to Wedlock. Well, my Lord, will your Fort accept of Proposals; or is it stubborn against Articles?

L. Wor. Faith, George, somewhat Peremptory, and much upon Resistance.

Flor. Why, my Lord, I thought you Travellers had the Knack of taking Hearts.

L. Wor. I had of keeping one, 'till I saw your Sister, Madam.

Vio. I desire Consideration, my Lord, the surrender's of consequence, it being the inlet to my Eternal Peace or Disquiet.

Flor. Ay, ay, give her time, my Lord, as much as she will; the more you offer, the less she'll accept; so much I know of my Sex.

Vio.

Vio. Thank you, Sister; but men are not so scarce, that we need run mad for 'em.

L. Wor. But you may, if the War continues, for ought I know; you'll wish you had taken a whole Man hereafter; if the Prophecy comes to pass, you'll be very indifferently fed, when one Man is a mess for 7 of you.

Vio. Methinks you young Gentlemen, *Mr. Reveller*, should go and serve your Country; 'tis a shame to make Love, when there's Honour in view.

T. Rev. Thank you, Madam; but if you could persuade my Father to go in my Room, you would much more oblige me.

Vio. He's old.

T. Rev. The fitter to be knock'd on the head. Young Fellows get the King Souldiers. Drones that have lost their Stings are useless.

L. Wor. I find these Ladies would be Courted like those in Romances, we must kill Monsters for 'em.

T. Rev. Thank Heav'n, we are not so hard put to't, as the Romans were with the Sabines; we need not fight for Women in this Age.

Flor. Not if all be so free as the Lady in the Mask was yesterday Morning at the Walls, *Mr. Reveller*.

T. Rev. Jealousie's a Sign of Love, Child, I am glad to see it. Why Faith 'twas a likely Soul, and a Woman of Sence; for she rail'd at Matrimony damnably.

L. Wor. Well, *George*, I as much envy thy Happiness, as I mistrust my own; my Lady has no pity.

Vio. As much as you care for, my Lord, or becomes me: You have Rallied enough now, I suppose, which was the utmost end of your Conversation. Do I colour, Sister?

Flor. A little guilty about the Eyes.

T. Rev. Come, Ladies, will you honour us so far as to play at Cards with you this Evening? my old Fellow's with your Mother, and we'll pretend a visit to her; I have often talk'd to my Lady of my Lord, and she'll be Proud of a Noble-man for her Son-in-Law, tho' you are so indifferent to him for a Husband.

Vio. Ads my Life, here's your Father, my Lady, [A Noise of Musick, *Mr. Raifon*, and abundance more with Musick]

Enter Sir Thomas Revel, Lady Hazard, Mrs. Raifon, Safaphras, Raifon, and Fiddlers.

Sir Tho. Come, my Lady, 'tis pity such an Evening should be lost within doors.

La. Haz. Look, yonder are my Daughters, *Sir Thomas*, with your Son and another Gentleman!

Sir Tho. Ad so, my Lord Worby! the Flower of Europe, Madam: ad if he takes a liking to your Daughter, we shall have a Glorious Son-in-Law——
George——my Lord, your Lordships humble Servant; pray be pleas'd to know my Lady Hazard, the Mother of these Girls, and, in all likelyhood, of Election to be the Partaker of my Flesh and Blood.

L. Wor. You much honour me, *Sir Thomas*, and I wish my interest there were equal to yours here.

Vio. If he goes on as he begins, he may get the start of 'em.

La. Haz. Your Lordship has so noble a Character, that were I a stranger to your

your Quality, the fame of your Virtues would recommend you alone; nor would I willingly call her Friend, or Relation, that could refuse such goodness.

L. Wor. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Sir Tho. Very well; Faith, very well said of both sides; and so much for Compliments. Come Neighbour *Sasaparas*, Landlord *Raison*, bear up Sirs; what a Pox, Dos'd, stupified, hum drum! Wine used to have another Operation.

Rais. Pox on't, I'm sorry we left off Drinking. Prithee let's to't agen: I don't care for Womens Company.

Sir Tho. Why, was it not thy own Proposal, to come down to *Greenwich*, to Sup with thy Spouse, and be merry with this good Company?

Rais. Truth is, I was but half Drunk when I had a mind to my Spouse, I find since the last Bottle I am incapable.

T. Rev. I am sorry your Husband's in such a condition, Madam. [*To Mrs. Rais.*

Mrs. Rais. I am more sorry you're in such Company, Sir. I have not only a Beast for a Husband, but a Villain for a Lover.

T. Rev. Madam! *Mrs. Rais.* Rascal. *T. Rev.* Your Servant.

Flor. What, are you angry, Mrs. *Raison*?

Mrs. Rais. A little troubled he should make my Husband such a Soe, Madam.

Flor. Such things will be: you may repair the Lady's loss, Mr. *Reveller*.

T. Rev. I wish I might, Madam; for I was always inclin'd to help the afflicted.

Sasa. Come, what do we do here, Sir *Thomas*? a Pox of these Petticoats, they spoil more Company than e're they Created; let's have some Wine, and cold Chickens, go upon *Flamstead's* Leads, and huzza to the Neighbouring Counties.

Rais. Ay, ay, let's huzza, let's huzza.

T. Rev. Nay faith, Mr. *Raison*, since you have Fiddles we'll have a Dance, and what you will.

Sir Tho. Why, you impudent Rascal, how come you to speak of a Dance before I thought on't?

T. Rev. You forget, Sir *Thomas*, what we shook hands about.

Sir Tho. Gads so, I beg thy Pardon, *George*; come then, let's have a Dance.

Sasa. Hang Dancing, Sir *Thomas*, 'twill put us all into a Sweat, and make the Air unpleasant.

La. Haz. I think we had better Dance at home, for we shall have the whole Town here gaping at us.

Sir Tho. Agreed, then we'll first to Supper, and then for a Rubbers at scampring. My Lord, we must desire your good Company.

La. Haz. By all means. *L. Wor.* 'Tis a Blessing I have Pray'd for.

Sir Tho. Lead on then; *George*, handle your Mother-in-Law, and I'll take *Water-wag-Tail*, my Lord here's yours, *Sas* take Mrs. *Raison*, and let the Husband bring up the Rear. [*Rais. stumbles on Flor.*

Flor. He had better lead the way, that he mayn't fall upon us.

Rais. I think I ought to go first, as being the only Married Person among you! Besides, as I'm a Cuckold; I'm a single Man in this Company. Fiddlers, Play Buffcoat, la, la, la.

Flor. Well said, Mr. *Raison*——Madam, bear up, your Husband's good Company. [*To Mrs. Rais.*

Mrs. Rais. What means this Devil? *Sir Tho.* Come, away with it, la, la, la. [*Exeunt Singing, and the Musick Playing.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE, *The Park.**The Moon Shining; Enter Dorinda and Aunt.**Dor.* **H**As not the Clock struck Eleven yet?*Aunt.* No, but 'tis very near is; Plein, and wait my Lord's coming.*Dor.* Do.

Oh! *Reveller*! thou'rt slow, or I'me in haste,
 Love should be still before hand with the time,
 For 'tis a Thief that often Robs our Joys.
 How tedious are the Moments of my Longing!
 Whilst *Worthy*, at a years end, comes too fast.
 Yet such a Slave I am to my Impatience,
 That for one early Minute with my Love,
 I'de meet an hour sooner what I hate.

Enter Reveller Drunk, follow'd by Mrs. Raifon's Maid.

Y. Revel. 'Tis a fine Moon Shiny Night, much ado I have stole from my Company, and much ado I have to manage my Footing, 3 Bumpers more had rendered me incapable of Crawling; now for this Mistress, it is the prettiest wittiest thing I ever met with; shine out thou Pale-Fac'd Bawd to Midnight Wooers; Blush if thou canst, to make thy Flame more chearful, for I will do a deed, if she will let me, shall make thy Cheeks glow, little *Luna*, and with instead, of Lighting the World, thou wer't in her Condition of Peopling it; oh! there's Man's Meat already; has thy Blood, child, any simpathectical motion towards mine? if you expect a Lover, tell me? if not, leave the place for one that does? There's a convenient Pond at the lower end, if thou'rt in a Despairing Condition.

Dorin. 'Twere hard to be drown'd so near a good Harbour, would not that Flesh and Blood, you talk of, sling out a Rope to save me?

Y. Revel. O, 'tis the Devil, I know the Instrument by the sound; well, Madam, I know not whether you'll esteem it a Favour; but I have left Wit and Wine, Women and Wealth, to shew how much I am your Humble Servant.

Maid. 'Tis as my Mistress *Raifon* suspected, and I'll acquaint her instantly.

[*Aside.*] [Exit.]

Dor. Well, Sir, and I have neglected my Repose, ventur'd catching Cold, and run the hazard of a Parents fury; to bid you welcome.

Y. Revel. So far we are upon the square; but how must I accost you? shall we chat easie and naturally, without the Cant of Romance, and Ridiculous Whining, or must I open my Heroical Budget, for extravagant Raptures?

Dor. Keep it shut, I beseech you; Sir; for as I desire no Lies, I expect no flights; let our Expressions be Cordial, whether they prove effectual or no; what a Condition the Knave's in! now Cunning help me.

Y. Revel. Why then, as I hope to be Sav'd, and that's a Presumption——

Dor. Hold, Sir, I must give you some Cautions; in the first place, I am a Maid, therefore talk Decently; in the next place, I am Honourable, therefore talk

talk Respectfully; and thirdly, I am and will be Honest, therefore talk Virtuously.

Y. Revel. Oh Lord! what Company hast thou betray'd me into? Virtuously and Honest! the very words have made me Sober; if I were Dying of a Hycop, the surprize of a Thumb Ring would destroy it.

Dor. I'll try you, Sir.

For if I yield, I lose him after it,
It is the Pride of Man, with Oaths to win us,
And then with scorn he boasts his Treacherous Conquest.
Why should I for the Joys of one poor Night,
Create the Plague of Doating ever after?
All Men despise what's given too willingly.

Y. Revel. Child, I find we shall do no great matters,
I wish Thee and thy Honesty a good Nights Rest,
Such a Cold Couple can get nothing but Agues sure.

Dor. Stay, Sir. I cannot part with him.
Goddeſs of Wiſdome and of Beauty help me,
Pour all the Guiles and Graces of my Sex
Into my Face and Soul, but for an hour.

Diana, from thy Freezing *Iſicles*
Of uninſtructed harmleſs Chſtity,
Send to his wanton Blood one drop to cool it,
That I may catch him in the Bonds of Honour,
And never more expoſe my ſelf to lewdneſs.
Then will you go, Sir!

Y. Rev. Why, what a charming look the Baggage gave me! Not if you talk within compaſs; I am pretty good natur'd, and can paſs by what's ſaid, upon condition, you don't Relapſe; for look you, Child, Honour is as great a check to Love, as fear of being diſcover'd is when we're acting it.

Dor. But how can you eſteem what comes ſo cheap?
When there's no eye, where's the ſecurity?

You have a treacherous notion in your minds,
Which, on the leaſt occaſion, you improve;
Believing, if we are ſeduc'd by one,
By the ſame Rule we may be kind to all:
But Marriage binds us by a ſacred Oath,
And Reputation checks all Lawleſs Thoughts.

Y. Rev. Look you, Madam, my Mother made me ſwear, upon her Death Bed, I never ſhould be bound for any body.

Dor. Tho' I know the Rogue lies, yet he pleaſes me: (*Aside*) But as great an Enemy as your Mother was to Wedlock, ſhe was married to your Father, ſure.

Y. Rev. If I thought 'twould any ways add to the making her a Whore, I'd confeſs my ſelf the Son of one. Why, Child, I think there was ſome ſuch hugger mugger buſineſs, but that was to preſerve an Eſtate from going out of the Family; 'twas a kind of an inceſtuous match, for they were Siſters Children; but Intereſt, Intereſt; now mine's a Love free from all ſuch deſign: Our Fancies ſhan't

shan't be pall'd with cares of Wealth, of Cuckoldom, or chargeable Posterity.

Dor. But nothing can be constant out of Wedlock, and I fear by ill-will.

Y. Rev. No, nor in't neither, scarce to my Knowledge. Wedlock may cover a sin, but 'twill never prevent one; and we have such an itch to be gadding when we're confin'd: Had our first Parents never been forbid, they had never been Curious. What makes men love eating abroad, when they may have it so much better and cheaper at home, only because it is home.

Dor. Suppose you should gain Credit,

Would you for ever love, and never leave me?

Would you not covet still Variety,

And seek out some fresh Mistress to deceive?

Y. Rev. Not I, by Heav'n's;

Thou hast Charms sufficient to secure a Heart,

Thy Wit's unimitable, thy Beauty matchless:

Nature was in thy Composition lavish.

Would *you* create a Mistress for himself,

He'd thusse thy Mould to Cast her in.

Dor. Blessed Moment, he grows sober,

Y. Rev. Think what a glorious pride will swell my Soul,

When I possess what none beside can purchase

Thy Generosity will oblige my Faith,

And I must shame my self in wronging thee.

What Fool would run the hazard of a change,

When he's secur'd of certain happiness?

Dor. Now Woman— Oh, you flatter!

This heat of Love comes from the zeal of Lust:

No Passion can be lasting that's so eager,

And when you've pleas'd your self, and ruin'd me,

You will forget as fast as you invented.

Y. Rev. Desire can ne're forget what it must feed on;

Like Jealous Piety, I'll have the Figure

Drawn of the Saint I worship, to prevent it,

And to thy Shrine such hearty Offerings pay,

As no methodical dull Wife can merit.

Dor. Then I've another Game to play,

Heat, heat his Blood, instead of cooling it,

That I may work his eager hopes to Love,

Then act a Virtue which shall tye him faster.

Y. Rev. Our Joys shall be irregular, but often:

Despising a Domestick Decency

And when we faint with Emulating Fondness,

As two hot Combatants, wearied, not beaten,

Whose violence has dry'd and choak'd their Lungs,

Creep to some Spring to re-instate their Spirits,

From thy Lips will take such Verdure in,

As shall relieve my droopy drowthy Soul,

And make me fiercer for the next Engagement.

Dor. By Heav'n, if he persists I am undone,

His charming Tongue will blast my Stratagem;
And will ye swear? but what avails mens Oaths?
Forgos when the occasion's pass'd which urg'd 'em.

Y. Rev. What should I swear?
Dor. Swear that you'll never marry whilst I live,
For that's the Rock our yielding Sex still splits on.
You to the Generous Mistress curse the snare;
But when you're tyr'd, make use on't to avoid her.

Y. Rev. May Poverty and Jealousie attend me
The minute I prove false:

Come let's retire, and wind our selves in Bliss,
Tangle our Souls in Extasies unknown,
And drop into Confusion by consent.

By Heav'n, I'm fir'd, her every touch distracts me,
So over eager am I to possess her:
I fear the fierceness will destroy the Power.

Dor. And will you ever love me?

Y. Rev. Can I love Heav'n, Prosperity, or Content?
Oh do not drill me this! but take me to thee,
Smoother me in thy Arms with kind Convulsions,
And hug me to the utmost verge of Bliss.

Dor. Stand off, Base Villain! thou Beastly part of man!
Thou glowing Satyr! got by some rank Devil:

Go to the Stews, vile thing! and make thy Choice;
Take Pleasure and Diseases both at once,

And scatter 'em through all the Strumpet-Tribe:
I loath thee for this wicked Supposition:

And all the noble Notions in my Soul,
Which crowded with a fondness to prefer thee,

I here dismiss, and in their Room admit
As base thoughts of thee, as thy intended Practice!

Y. Rev. Stay, Madam; what an Apoplexy's here in the midst of Health!
You can but try me sure, and think this way to work me to a higher value for you.

Dor. Touch me not, Monster!
If thou dost, I'll call for help; I fear'd thy Treachery, and have it near me.

Because I try'd thee with a seeming-kindness,
Could'st thou believe so poor of me, to yield

On a first Conference? had I really deated,
So much I hate thy low esteem of me,

That thou'rt as much my scorn, as once my liking:
Y. Rev. Yet stay, Madam! by Heav'n, I cannot leave her!

There's something from her which has touch'd me nearly:
Stay, Madam!

And since I have committed such a Crime,
Let me gain Pardon, tho' I lose your Favour:

For mild discretion tells me I'm to blame,
And all those Charms, which when my Blood was warm

Etic'd me to a lewd imagination,
Now

Now strike a Reverence upon my Soul :
 'Twas curst Wine ! that Spirit of Assurance,
 And Introducer of all Lawless thoughts,
 That bred the mischief. I now am temperate,
 Shame has destroy'd the Vice, and I am honest.

Dor. Oh happy management !
 How can I trust what has so lately wrong'd me ?
 If I forgive you, and you again relapse,
 I am alone in fault.

Y. Rev. By Heav'n I am as calm as a Platonick,
 Thy Glorious Virtue has increas'd that Flame,
 Which after its lascivious heat had ended,
 Propose a Remedy to heal this Breach,
 And like expiring Mortals, fond of life,
 I'll take in any thing that gives me hopes.

[Enter Aunt and whispers Dorinda.]
Dor. No more, I'm call'd ; keep steady in this Faith,
 And you shall hear soon from me.

Y. Rev. Will you not tell me when ; that being full of the expecting Bliss, I
 may some comfort purchase, with the knowledge that every tedious hour that
 falls away, I have an Enemy the less ?

Dor. To-morrow at the Wells : but be gone. *Y. Rev.* I cannot leave you.

Dor. Nay offer not to watch me, but convince me of your love, by your o-
 bedience, and you shall know to-morrow what I am.

Y. Rev. Then dearest, thou first I ever truly lov'd, adieu. *[Exit.]*

Dor. Thanks to my prosperous Art, I think I have thee.

Now to my Int'rest ; how dull is all

That's coming, how dear was all that's past !

Yet I must seem to covet what I'd shun ;

Oh what a curse 'tis, when for filthy Gain,

We affect a Pleasure in a real Pain. *[Exit Dor.]* *[Re-enter Reveller.]*

Y. Rev. What the Devil ails me ! or does the Devil govern me ! my Blood's
 quite alter'd, and those loose desires, which never lik'd but for Conveniency,
 are chang'd to real Passion ; my wanton Drunkenness turn'd to a sober Admira-
 tion, and I begin to fear I'm growing a downright dull, insipid, constant Lover !
 oh for some kind-she to allay this mighty Fever, that I may snub this damn'd
 honest Inclination, before it gets the better of me.

Enter Mrs. Raison mask'd, in a Scarf.

Satan, I thank thee, here's a Petticoat I'm sure ! I find wickedness will not be
 kick'd out this night, and my Constitution returns to its rambling Custom. Ma-
 dam !

Mrs. Rais. Sir.
Y. Rev. VVhat cruel accident can be the occasion of this solitary travelling so
 late ?

Mrs. Rais. VVhy, Sir, I am come to look after a lost Lover, who parting from
 me in a sullen humour, I fear has hang'd himself.

Y. Rev. No, no, Child, never trouble thy Head about that, those Roman Gal-
 lantries are expir'd ; but if thou would'st be thoroughly reveng'd on him for leaving
 thee, take up with me : I bear a tender Conscience to all distressed Damfels, and
 keep a particular Fund for Acts of Charity.

Mrs. Raif. Should all the distressed Damsels come to you for Relief, I believe you'd shut up your Exchequer quickly.

Y. Rev. Look you, Madam, I am not the first Banker that has broke, when his Bills have come too thick upon him.

Mrs. Raif. Say you so, Sir. [Dumplings]

Mrs. Raif. To your amazement, ungrateful person, I have requited you.

Y. Rev. Oh, I find what this will come to, and thanks to my unknown Mistress, am pretty well provided for a Reconciliation. What means this Fury, Madam?

Mrs. Raif. Devil, canst thou ask that Question! The Lady you have had so long should know the meaning, couldst find her out.

Y. Rev. Now for a good Face to a bad Cause: I suppose, if you'd continue in to't, you might easily find her out.

Y. Rev. I do confess I am somewhat Brutish, but I have so much humanity left, to remember I tip you the Wink when I left you, and you Lear'd as much as to say, I'll follow you.

Y. Rev. Was ever such forgetfulness! why; what the Devil, because I am Drunk, d'you think I've lost my Senses? Did you not come presently after me, Masqu'd? and have you not been bantering me this hour with a pretence I did not know you, tho' I call'd you by your name, and hinted some Particulars of our Familiarity? and did you not turn short from me at the upper end of the Walk, and run from me, and now here I have met you again?

Mrs. Raif. This is beyond all Patience!

Y. Rev. I'm sure I have shewn a great deal, in bearing what I speak of; and but I was thoroughly convinc'd it was you, and only a trick to try me, I would no more have saunter'd after you, than an old Courtier would have follow'd a Statesman out of favour.

Mrs. Raif. Distraction! Did you not address to me as a fresh Woman?

Y. Rev. Ay, that was when you us'd me like a fresh Man; trick for trick, Child, that's all: and since you have had your husband, come along and let me have mine.

Mrs. Raif. And do you think I'll be satisfied thus?

Y. Rev. No, no, I'll satisfy you better.

Mrs. Raif. This won't do, Devil, I am so convinc'd of your Baseness, that—
Y. Rev. Oh, you, too much is too much: Prithee don't drive the Jest so far neither; I can bear, you know by what's pass'd, but I gad the Worm will turn at last.

Mrs. Raif. 'Tis a folly to talk to him in this condition, I'll take the Morning to School him in; perhaps it might be some midnight Jilt watching for Prey, like a Polecat in a Warren, and my approach might frighten her away.

Y. Rev. Come, come, Child.

Mrs. Raif. Whither, what d'you mean?

Y. Rev. How silly that is; where's your Husband?

Mrs. Raif. Why, your Father and he, with the Druggster, are all gone a Rambling into the Town: I expect some of my Wedlock Monster this night.

Y. Rev. That's as much as to say I must take care of her. Well, we'll to my Lodging, you may get in early enough unseen the back way, as you use to do.

Mrs. Raif. My maid will take off that; but I shall catch my Death here, standing so long in the Dew.

Y. Rev. We'll go, My Dear. Claret I worship thee!

At

At last the injur'd Tormagant's crown Civil,
A Drunken Impudence can out-face the Devil.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE continues the Park.

Enter Sir Tho. Reveller, Raifon, Safaph. Drunk, Singing; with Musick,
and Servants with Wine.

All Sing.

There's nothing like a Brimmer,
To make the Heart full glad;

It cheers the Soul,

Inspires all,

The Drunk are never sad.

Rais. Sir Thomas, let's out-roar Thunder, be Lewder than Atheists, out-Swear
a Gamester at the loss of his last Stake, out-drink a Cook i'th' Dog-days, be
Saucy than kept Whores to their Cullys, and Prouder than Constables at
midnight.

Sir Tho. Let's be as conceited as City Wits, valner than City Wives, fon-
der than City Husbands, and as great strangers to our old Acquaintance, where-
ever we meet 'em, as a new made Sherriff to his next Neighbour.

Safa. Let's be frolicksome as Counsellors Clerks; and as Awkard as their
Masters; make as much of our Whores as Presbyters in private, value discretion
no more than our young Nobility. Let's commit Murder, that we may be com-
pany for Gentlemen; and stalk as stately as a Foot Captain, when he marches
through the City at the head of his Mirmidons, to relieve at the Tower.

Sir Tho. Fill by affecting what we are not capable of, we become as Redicu-
lous as a dancing Judge.

Rais. Well said, Sir Thomas, but where's this Son of your's?

Sir Tho. Hang him, Rogue, he's stole home to some Whore I warrant him.

Rais. A Pox take all Whores, say I.

Saf. Thou hast reason, poor Cuckold. 'Tis a Heav'nly Moonshiny night.
Some VVine, Rogues.

[Servants fill Wine.]

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. Stand. Rais. And that's as much as we can.

Const. VVho are ye?

Saf. Drunkards, rich Fellows, and not over wise.

Const. Oh, Sir Thomas, and Mr. Raifon, good Morrow to you Gentlemen;
you're upon the frolick, I see. Rest ye merry, Gentlemen; pray do no mis-
chief, and be as Jovial as you please.

Sir Tho. Nay, drink the King's health, Mr. Constable.

Const. If ye please, Gentlemen; come, Sirs, Heav'n bless him.

[Drinks.]

Watch. Mayn't we pledge ye, Masters?

Sir Tho. No, Vermine, no; there's Mony to swill malt with, Claret's as much
out of your Element, as good Manners beyond your understanding.

All Watch. Bless ye, Masters.

[Exeunt Const. and Watch.]

Saf. This Constable has more Sence, than ever I met with in any of his Tribe;
some Rogues now would have provok'd a Quarrel, only for the Conveniency
of their Watchmens stealing Hats and Perriwigs, and so forth.

Sir Tho. The VVatch of Covent-Garden would no more have miss'd such an
opportunity, than a Thief would slipping into a House, when the Door's open.

Rais. There is one of those VVatchmen they say is a terrible fellow, pray
who is he?

Sir Tho. VVhy, he's a Midnight Rakehell driver, that has Crack'd more Skulls, than ever Pavier thump'd Flints; there's not a scourer of any Reputation, whose facetious Noddle has not had the Honour of being Dub'd with his Quarter Staff; he was never in the right, and yet always gets the better; he will fit you up three hours after his time to VVatch for Prey, and use you the worse for not coming sooner; and being an ill-look'd Fellow, he has a Pension from the Church-Wardens, for being Bullbeggar to all the froward Children in the Parish.

Rais. A most notable Description: but your Son, *Sir Thomas*?

Saf. Ay, your Son.

Sir Tho. Let's go and disturb the dog, and drown him in pint Glasses.

Saf. Agreed, agreed. Play Cats-guts and Rossen.

(*Exeunt Singing*) *There's nothing like a Brimmer.*

SCENE, *T. Reveller's Lodging.* Enter *Mrs. Raison.*

Mrs. Rais. Well, Mr. *Reveller*, you're a wicked man; and were it not more out of a Motherly Affection, that you might come to no harm in your Drink, than any inclination or desire I have to your person, I swear I would not have come with you.

T. Rev. This will be the Cant when she rises in the morning; she never was with me in her life, but she told me 'twas to keep me from ill Women.

Mrs. Rais. But I hope you are somewhat come to your self now?

T. Rev. I shall be, Child, when my Vapours are expell'd, the night's much wasted; come, we lose time. [*A noise of Musick, Sir Tho. and the rest singing without.*]

Enter *Servant.*

Mrs. Rais. Heav'ns, what noise is that? 'Tis your Father's Voice, and my Monst'ers!

Serv. Sir, your Father's just coming up, with Mr. *Rais*on and several others.

T. Rev. Go, get you in, lock the Door, and go to Bed, I'll send 'em away, I warrant you.

Mrs. Rais. Don't drink no more, dear *George*, you'll be senceless if you do.

T. Rev. Don't fear it.

[*Puts her in.*]

Enter *Sir Tho. Reveller, Saf. Rais. Musick, Servants with Wine, &c.*

Sir Tho. Sing. A Fox of the Rogue that sneaks from his Wine,

And runs to a Daggel-tail'd Whore;

May Nature be droway, and bawlk his design,

Or may he ne're drink any more.

How now, Rogue, how now Sculker, what leave your old Dad for a Whore? I never serv'd your Grandfather so, Sirrah.

T. Rev. Indeed, Sir, you were too hard for me. If I had drank any more, I should have forgot the duty of a Son, and have us'd you saucily.

Sir Tho. Why, that's like most of the Sons of this Age, when we're old, they're the only young Fellows will keep company with us, and it's against their Wills too, only the respect of what we'll leave 'em obliges a little, so we're forc'd to wink at their wickedness to keep our own in Countenance.

Rais. Ay, Sir *Thomas*, the greatest Seducers of Children now a days are the Parents, the Fathers for the Sons, and the Mothers for the Daughters.

Sir Tho. And who are the greatest Seducers of Wives? old Race of Ginger.

Saf. Batchelors, Sir *Thomas*, illustrious and free Batchelors.

Rais.

Rais. Not of thy Age, *Druggster*; thou'rt as dry as the Ingredients of thy Trade, and hast no more Moisture in thee than a Potato.

Saf. Well, had I any Children, they should never go to a Play-house, nor to Church.

Sir Tho. Why so?

Saf. Because they go to learn Wickedness at the one, and Hypocrisie, how to dissemble it, at the other.

Y. Rev. Ay, but you may learn good at both, if you'll make a right Construction.

Saf. Yes, you may be sober in a Tavern, if they'll bring you no Wine; but where there's Object, there's Temptation, and where there's Temptation, there's Desire, and where there's Desire, there's Uneasiness, and where there's Uneasiness, there's Impatience to be cured, and when there's Impatience to be cured, Adultery or Fornication's the only Remedy; so the Devil in the end's your Physician.

Sir Tho. Well said, *Saf.* and since the Clergy on all sides are so sickle, I think that Layety wisest, that believes none of 'em; and now we are talking of Church Affairs, where's your Whore, you Dog?

Y. Rev. Whore, Sir!

Sir Tho. Ay, Sirrah, I'm sure you would not have run away, if there had not been a Whore in the case—therefore I'm resolv'd I will see her, and if I like her, I'll be better acquainted with her.

Rais. Why, Sir *Thomas*, suppose your Son had a Woman with him, would you have so little Grace as to commit Incest?

Sir Tho. Incest! that's a jest! for most of the younger Brothers about Town, are kept by their Fathers Whores, and I say I will see her.

Y. Rev. Nay, pray Sir, you'll disturb—

Sir Tho. Ay, therefore I'll do't:

Y. Rev. But, Sir, he is not well.

Sir Tho. He, what he, Sirrah?

Y. Rev. Why Sir, my Lord *Worthy's* Chaplain: who being in want of a Lodging for this night, is within, in my Bed: He's a grave sober man, Sir, and you'll fright him out of his Wits.

Sir Tho. How, a sober Fellow and a Nobleman's Chaplain, he's at Board-wages then; for where they command the Cellar, the Butler's never idle, and I will see this Miracle.

Y. Rev. Nay, pray Sir. Mr. *Raison* and Mr. *Sasaparas*, I conjure you, by the Worth and Honour of Citizens, stand by me, and keep my Father out, or I am ruin'd for ever.

Rais. Yes, *George*, you shall find we Citizens have Honour and Worth: Come, Sir *Thomas*, here's a Bumper to you.

Saf. Agreed. Sir *Thomas*, your Inclinations.

Sir Tho. They're in his Bed-Chamber, here's her Health. Drink you Dog, that we may be upon the square with her.

[Drinks.]

So, now I'll see her.

[Offers to go in, *Rais.* holds him.]

Rais. You shan't go in.

Sir Tho. Gad but I will.

Saf. Faith but you shan't.

Sir Tho. By the Hectors of *Covens Garden*.

Rais. By the Members of *Grocers Hall*.

Sir Tho. Why, is not the Whore as free for me as for him?

Rais.

Rais. Sir, I have given him the Word of a Citizen to stand by him, and my *Justice* will not allow me to violate the Honour of my Corporation.

Sir Tho. Why, you Cuckoldy Dog, it may be your own Wife for ought you know.

Rais. I care not if it were my Mother, and he were getting an Heir to disinherit me, he shall not be interrupted; and tho' I am as it were dead Drunk, yet I will stand by him, I say I will stand by him. [Falls down.]

Sir Tho. So suddenly fell the Walls of Jerico, and *Joshua* plunder'd the Town.

Y. Rev. Mr. Sasaphras.

Sas. Hold there, *Sir Thomas*, I stand in the Gap, and like the *Bassa* of *Buda* will dye in defending the place.

[*Sas. draws Y. Reveller's Sword, and stands between the door and Sir Thomas.*]

Sir Tho. Why, what a Pox have we got a *Hydra*? No sooner one Head down, but another sprouts up? Why, dare you fight?

Sas. Dare! 'ounds draw, come, for the Pass, yours or mine.

Sir Tho. And hast thou really Courage?

[*Draws.*]

Sas. Have you a Heart, Sir, try if I can hit it; come on, Sir, come on.

Sir Tho. Nay, if thou'rt so hot upon fighting, thou'rt no Citizen I'm sure; and considering how Captains and Lac'd Coats have been admir'd by Shopkeepers Wives, thou may'st be the hasty Off-spring of an Afternoon's Recreation in Moorfields.

Sas. Come, Come, will you Tilt for this Lady?

Sir Tho. No, I shan't do like the Fools now a days; Tilt for a Whore I don't know; Come Sirrah, since I must not see her, [*Puts up.*]
tho' I am sure it is *Raison's* Wife.

Rais. I care not, I'll stand by him.

Sir Tho. What Liquor have you? have you any Cherry, Sirrah? Cherry, the Comfort of midnight. Y. Rev. Yes, Sir.

Sir Tho. Fetch it then; three Beer Glasses of Cherry, Sirrah.

Sas. Ay, now you say something.

[*Puts up.*]

Sir Tho. He had as good let me see her, for I'll debilitate him so with Brandy, he shall be useless to her. [*Enter Servant with three large Glasses of Cherry Brandy.*]

Hold, let me tast 'em all, to know if the Rogue has not palm'd something else for his Master. Sincere and Spiritual, a conceal'd Body, and yet a considerable [*Tasts.*]
Body too. Come, to the Memory of our poor Brother departed. *Sas.* Agreed.

Sir Tho. So, now *George*, fall to your Lady, and if the Brandy does its part, I think thou wilt fault in thine.

Sas. Take care of the good Man, *George*, for the good Woman's sake.

Y. Rev. I warrant you; ten thousand thanks.

Sir Tho. Sirrah, remember this when I have a Wench. Strike up; *A Pox of the Rogue that runs, &c.* [*Ex. Sir Tho. Sas. and Musick.*]

Y. Rev. Now to the Female; if fear has not kill'd her. Sirrah, draw *Raison* into your Room, and take care he peeps not out in the morning, till all's safe.

Each Whoremaker his Cuckold thus o're-powers,

We make 'em Drunk, and then their Wives are ours.

[*Servant takes up Raison, who all the while cries, I'll stand by him.*] [*Ex.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I. *Dorinda's Apartment.**Enter Lord Worthy and Dorinda.*

Lo. Wor. **M**Y dear *Dorinda* Darling of my senses, how sweet is Love after so long an absence; my hours have been as troublesome without thee as they have been delighted in being with thee; nor will I ever travail more for Knowledge; my utmost Study Center'd still in thee; I have wandered like a Child without my Guide, follow'd the Notion of improving Arts, when I had left my Natural Genius here.

Dor. My Lord, you know you are welcome to these arms, but if the separation was so tedious to you who've had such vast variety of Countrys and of Courts, of all that's worthy the pursuit of Fancy, think how uneasy has been my solitude: no object, Entertainment or acquaintance, nothing diverting to deceive the time, my prospect limited, my measures fix'd, nothing but Lectures from a peevish Aunt; nay had I not been blest'd with constant Letters, which satisfied me that my Lord was safe, I must have sunk beneath the sad restraint.

Lo. Wor. I'll shew how to recompence thy patience; the generous compliance thou hast shewn in thy submission to my Jealous Love, (the dread of losing thee inflicted it) but I'm united now for ever here, nor will I e're torment thee more with absence; great Natures utmost Curiosity can never match *Dorinda's* full perfections.

Dor. Oh tedious Raptures and Insipid Eloquence, [*aside.*]
Be constant to your words and I am happy, but you were saying you must go to *London*.

Lo. Wor. My Love.

Dor. I say if you do go to *London* do not stay long, may I expect you back at Dinner?

Lo. Wor. I have Accounts to settle, Bills to receive, things to look after that belong to thee, some Presents.

Dor. Presents, alas! you'r all I covet.

Lo. Wor. No, my Delight, I have brought o're some toys, some Silks, and Points; still what I saw that might adorn my Love, I pick'd up by degrees in Travelling, to let you know you never was from hence.

Dor. But be sure you come at Night.

Lo. Wor. Will the Night come think'st thou I could stay from thee, but I'll not leave thee yet.

Dor. Nay, then you'l be so late you'l not come home; the earlier you are there, the sooner you'l be here.

Lo. Wor. And won't you take it ill I leave you?

Dor. Unkind suspicion, can I pretend to love and be displeas'd at ought for my Lords conveniency.

Lo. Wor. Blessings upon thee, adieu then for a while.

Dor. Be sure you think upon me.

Lo. Wor. My Soul is useless when not employed on thee my Life.

Dor. My hearts Devotion.

Lo. Wor. I cannot stir whilst I behold thee.

Dor. You shall not stay to Prejudice your Business: [she seems to hug him]

Lo. Wor. At Night my Love betimes. [and all the while drives

Dor. Forget not.

Lo. Wor. I warrant you.

Exit Wor.

Dor. He's gone and all this day is mine: within there, Aunt.

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. What's my Lord gone?

Dor. To London, put on your hood and scarfe, and get me mine, 'tis a fine morning I'll go to the Wells.

Aunt. And will you still pursue this Reveller, you will Repent.

Dor. Peace, manage for thy own ends I'm resolv'd, if you'll stay at home you may; who waits? get the Chariot ready.

Aunt. Well, Heaven direct all for the best.

Dor. Thus the Gallant is by the Mistress Rul'd,
Whilst by some other Lover she is Fool'd.

Exit.

Aunt. What will this come to? here is nothing but Destruction to be look'd for; In Fine, I'll e'n tell the Gentleman downright who and what she is, better he should have her any way then marry her, for the Treason must out, and then she's undone, he can never forgive her, nay what's worse if shall be turn'd a starving, I can't work, and we Ancient Gentlewomen that live upon the Sins of our Relations are very ill qualified to get a penny in the fear of Grace. Well, take warning by me good Dames, for it is not only an ill thing in being accessory to the Debauching your Kindred; but it is a provoking thing to see Young Girls partake of what we cannot.

Exit.

SCENE II. A Garden; In the middle Debitford-Wells.

Enter severall as drinking the Waters, Florella and Violante.

Flor. Well, I am satisfyed, my Roving-Rascall Reveller and Mrs. Raifon have been together this Night, I watch'd her stealing in this morning at five a Clock, and I do not know of any other Lover she has here about.

Viol. I suppose my Lord and he have not separated whatever adventure they've had, well I wish I had not seen him.

Flor. Why so? You must have somebody, and why not him; he's a pretty Gentleman, and besides a Lord, and that you know goes a great way with a Merchants Daughter; most of our young Nobility by the Extravagance of their Fathers are left very inconsiderable in their Fortunes; so their quality being necessitated for money, and our Citizens Ambitious of Honour, many a

Title

That has been kept up by the Pride of a Tradesman, who never values what he gives for a Nobleman to his Son in Law.

Viol. 'Tis true, and Interest is so absolute, and Poverty so pressing, that a Taylor who can but get a Considerable Estate, need not despair of seeing his Daughter dye a Countess.

Flor. Well Sir *Thomas* has told us what pass'd between him and his Son last Night, our shifting of cloaths may conceal us, and I am resolv'd to teaze him, and all the fools that talk to me this Morning, as far as the Spleen of a jealous Mistress can reach.

Viol. Agreed, we shall have variety of game presently, the Coxcombs thicken already.

Enter Sir William Thoughtless and Captain Bounce.

Sr. Will. Bounce, come along, ha! A brace of Tite Lasses yonder let's make up to 'em—how do you Ladyes, why this Melancholly Velvet upon such fair Complexions, has the Chillness of the Waters made the Roses on your cheeks to fade, or has their Influence rudely press'd upon the tip of your Noses and made 'em bleak and sharp?

Viol. How ever sharp they have made our Noses they have had no effects upon your understanding, for your Language is as Ridiculous as your Person.

Cap. Bou. Prithee Sir *William* let's seek some other game, these have better tongues than our usual acquaintance.

Sr. Will. No gad, my stock of Raillery's not out yet.

Viol. I believe you may put it all into a sentence, and not be out of Breath with the Delivery.

Sr. Will. Why gad, I love to talk with Vizards mightily, for we have the Priviledge of Railing as much as we please.

Flor. Without running the danger of being beaten for it.

Sr. Will. Why, pull off your Masque and I'll be Civill.

Viol. If I were sure the sight of my face would frighten you away I would.

Sr. Will. Why, you don't know but it may, I have known many a pleasant Tongue belong to a Damnable ugly Face.

Viol. I see a very indifferent Face that belongs to a Foolish Tongue.

Flor. So we have the pleasure of being convinc'd and leaving your Worship in doubt.

Sr. Will. Damn me, I believe you're antient, your Features are expir'd and your Face is in Mourning for 'em.

Cap. Bou. Well said Knight, my dear Sir *William Thoughtless*, Ounds, if she answers that, I'll allow her a Wit.

Viol. Or you'd be allow'd no Spurger, is he your *Probatum est*, bound to flatter a Fool or dine with the Servants.

Sr. Will. Answer me to what I reparteed upon your Masque, and gad take me I'll kiss you.

Viol. No, I wear it on purpose to keep flies from my Face.

Sr. Will. Flies Madam; why I am a Knight.

Viol. The best excuse in the World for a Blockhead; tell but your Title before-hand Sir Knight, and no body will be surpriz'd with your Conversation.
Sr. Will. I must go now. *Bonnet*, my Wife's quite gone, I have but one thing more to say.

Bon. Ease your self, and let's depart.

Sr. Will. Gad, I believe for all your fine Cloaths you'r but Servant-Maids in your Ladyes Apparell.

Flor. That's the Constant Cant of the Chitts at the Chocolet-House, where, as they receive Favours from nothing but Chamber-maids and Trulls, they abuse all that are above 'em, how long have you haunted that Nursery of Fools?

Sr. Will. Ever since it was the Rendevouz for Whores—that was a smart one, faith; and if I have not seen there, I'm sure I shall childe, come *Bonnet*.

Cap. Bon. Buy Bulkers.

Viol. Buy Bully.

Cap. Bon. 'Sdeath if your Lover were here, he should finde—

Viol. None of you. I'm sure—but yonder he comes.

Enter at the upper end of the Stage Y. Revel. and L. Worthy.

Cap. Bon. Let him follow me if he dare.

Viol. He can't spare so much time Sir, I believe, but if you'll stay a minnte.

Bon. I, Damme I'll wait for no man.

[*Exit singing.*]

Flor. Look you Sister yonder comes our Sparks, my Lover looks a little heavy for want of sleep; Prithee let's slip into the Crowd and observe what female Flag they'll first strike to.

[*Exit.*]

L. Wor. Faith *George*, this was a narrow escape, had the Old fellow satisfied his Curiosity you had been in a feverish Condition.

T. Reve. Thanks to the kinde husband and Dragster, my Credit is yet safe, but see here comes the old Gentleman with my two Champions.

Enter Sr. Ebo. Raifon and Sasa.

Raif. Well, I Protest *Sr. Thomas* there's no Living with you at this Rate, adshheartlikins, two more such nights would kill me out-right, my Constitution will never bear it.

Sr. Tho. Then I'de never bear such a Constitution.

When I can Drink no more I hope to dye,

For without Drink Lives a Dull Property.

L. Wor. *Sr. Thomas*, good morrow.

Sr. Tho. Ah my Lord *Worthy*, gad take me you'r a Flincher, tho'—you serv'd us somewhat basely last night, faith I am sorry to see a young Nobleman that has no Dependence on the Government, slip like a Minister of State that has his Fortunes to make out on't.

L. Wor. Really *Sr. Thomas* you must excuse me, I was so weary Riding Post, that I could not help it but I'll make amends speedily.

Sr. Tho. But here's a Dog that left us too, Sirra, Sirra, somebody stay'd out

out till 8. this morning; pray my L. where did your Chaplain lye last night?

L. Wor. Chaplain, *Sr. Thomas*, I have none.

Sr. Tho. Ha! *George* good boy *George*, oh *Pretty George*.

Sings [As *Westminster* a fight was known,

The Like was never heard,

A Judge that never wore a Gown,

And a Bishop without a Beard.

Oh Rare *George*—why Sirra, you Cursed Villain, what do you think will become of your Soul, Sirra, to stand in such a Lye to your own Father, and lay your Sins upon the Church you Dog, as if they had not enough to answer for of their own.

Sas. Pray my Lord take him off.

L. Wor. Well *Sr. Thomas* to night I give a Ball or a sort of a Masquerade at my Lady *Hazards*, and will fetch up lost time: I must only go up to *London* on some urgent business, and will be with you in the Evening without fail: Gentlemen till then your Servant.

Sas. and Rais. We'l prepare for you, my Lord.

Enter at one side of the Stage Dor. and Aunt; at the other

Flor. and Viol. *Mrs. Rais, &c.*

Sr. Tho. Why what an abundance of Whores-flesh is here; Landlord and Druggster let's have a Brush with 'em, I am hot-headed and can talk smartly.

Rais. I feel the Spirit of Scandal a little provoking in me too.

Sas. Let us Join, and Combine—We'l make 'em Repine, 'as *Satyr* so fine;—Our Wit shall out-shine—their Faces Divine—and we'l sing the Praise the Praise of good Wine.

Dor. That's *Reveler* and his Father, what women are they? they'r making up, I think my Lady *Hazards* Daughters, Let us observe.

T. Revel. Ladys,

Sr. Tho. Jackanapes, after me's manners Sirra, why what will you Ingross the Women both at home and abroad?

T. Revel. Nay Sir here's more game, there's no occasion for Confinement in this place. *[going]*

Sr. Tho. Rogue, I will make you stay here, and if you speak with any Woman till I have done with her, I'll break your head.

Viol. Is this Gentleman your Tutor Sir, that he bears so strict a hand over you?

T. Revel. He is my Father Madam, as to the begetting me; but an utter Stranger as to the maintenance of me.

Sr. Tho. He was my Son Madam, when he was in his virtuous Teens, but since the Devil has stamp't him one and Twenty, alas a day he has out-Sin'd me like an Elder Brother.

T. Revel. I may out-sin you like an Elder Brother, but as to Estate I'm sure I'm the younger.

Viol. What, is the Gentleman of Age, and worth nothing Sir?

Sr. Tho. There's a Thousand such Gentlemen about this Town Madam, why

why what Sirra would you have my estate before I'm Dead?—when I'm dead he shall have all Madam, I can't live much above 40. years longer.

Flor. And then he'll be as much past the Pleasure of enjoying it as you are now that have it.

Sr. Tho. I past the Pleasure, adsheartlikins, if you dare venture, you shall finde I can play on Taber and Fife still, Madam.

Rais. Old Instruments are a long time a tuning, Madam.

Viol. D'you speak for your self or the Gentleman Sir?

Sas. Prithce stand by married man, what says your Ladyship to me Madam?

Viol. You Sir, why who are you?

Sas. Who am I, Madam, a Reverend Alderman of the City of London.

Viol. What, one that lends money upon Acts of Parliament, manages Inuries in your Ward, and snarks with the Sheriff, give Courtiers Credit in hopes of Getting Employments, Bribe Common-council-men, Cheat Orphans, and sponge Dinners all the year round at my Lord-Mayors Table.

Sr. Tho. Well whistled black-bird, a notable Baggage, and a Whore by her wit; Childe if thou likest me, I will disinherit my Son & Settle all upon thee.

Viol. Faith *Sr. Thomas* that would be a sure way to settle all upon your Son, for I like him so well I should give him every grat.

Sr. Tho. Pox on me for a Fool to make Love, and this young Dog present: Get you gone you Rogue, do'nt Dangle after me thus you booby, are you not able to walk alone and be hang'd, get you gone and be hang'd.

[*Dor.* beckons *Y. Revell.*]

Flor. Observe him Sister with that Woman whom I will have Dogg'd, 'tis the same he talk'd with yesterday. But *Sr. Thomas* I hear you are to be married to my Lady *Hazard*, and methinks this is not a very good sign of living Virtuouly.

Sr. Tho. Ay Madam, I may marry her, but may love none but you.

Flor. But *Sr. Thomas*, pray let us observe your Son.

Sr. Tho. Hang him Rogue, an Inconstant Dog, a faithless Villain.

Mrs Rais. So those are *Florella* and *Violante*, but who is that my false Villain's so hot upon?

Rais. Prithce Let us make up to yonder Woman, I finde these are too hard for us.

Sas. Thou mayst if thou wilt, but I gad I'll speak no more to the Sex.

Rais. Pray if a man may be so bold what come you here for?

Mrs Rais. Not to talk with Fools.

Sas. Prithce *Rais* let's give over making love, adsheart, a Citizen making love is as ridiculous as a Parson making Legs, I'll go to the Coffee-Room, Smoak a Pipe, and Drink a glass of Mum.

Rais. Agreed, where like true tradesmen we'll seem Politick, 'tho we know nothing. [Exit *Sas.* and *Rais.*]

T. Revell. This is a happiness I could not expect. [re *Dorinda.*]

Dor. I'm sure you don't deserve it, I finde all Women are welcome to you,

T. Revell. Only to pass away the time with Madam, men may Divert themselves with several Woumen, but only one can make 'em truly happy.

Dor.

Dor. And how many of those ones have you said this to?

T. Rev. As I never was really in Love till now, I never had occasion for the Expression before.

Dor. Do you not know those Women you talkt to?

T. Rev. No.

Dor. Your Love is blinde indeed when only a strange Petticoat can cheat you of your Mistress.

T. Rev. Upon honour I know 'em not.

Dor. They're my Lady Hazards Daughters.

T. Rev. Indeed.

Dor. Nay this is over-acted.

T. Rev. By Heaven and Earth I know 'em not.

Dor. The Youngest I hear is the Ruler of your affections.

T. Rev. I must confess, Madam, till I saw you I had a hankering that way, she has a very considerable Fortune, which in my Circumstances was very Prevailing.

Dor. Besides their Father was Lord-Mayor of London, their Mother I hear was a Court-Laundress, & being given to blab betray'd the Intrigue of a great Man to his Wife, and was Casheir's, but having Purchas'd an Interest for former Service, got Hazard Knighted, and married him.

T. Rev. You are better acquainted with the Family then I am.

Dor. But 15000*l.* makes amends for all faults in Parentage, and the Children are as acceptable as the best born.

T. Rev. Faith Madam, so far I must justify 'em, that they Deserve better Families, for their Accomplishments will give 'em Titles without their Fortunes to Noble blood, nor would the most honourable blush to own 'em.

Dor. You speak like a man of honour Sir, but we are observ'd; you must dine with me to day.

T. Rev. Blessings upon you.

Dor. Be in the Park at one of the clock, I'll send to you.

T. Rev. Must you go soon?

Dor. Immediately; they'r making up to us; I suppose I have rais'd the Ladies Jealousy, and she has a minde to have a fling at me.

Flor. Why how now Mr. Reveller you'r the favourite of our whole Sex, I finde the Lady's Inclining.

Dor. 'Tis but your Leavings Madam, she must have charms indeed that can pretend to raise the seige you've laid.

Flor. The Fort is of no great Consequence nor Worth much trouble, when it is willing to yield to such things.

Dor. That's Florella I'm sure, I know it by that despicable speech;—I'll fret her more, I love as much as she, am equally malicious, and will try the Wit she's fam'd for.

T. Rev. Faith Lady's I'm not stubborn, the fairest in Conditions I give up to, and she who thinks best of me now may have me.

Dor. The Ladies silence tells you she's indifferent; if you stand good to what we have agreed on we'l Seal Articles when next we meet; and if this Lady's

face

face has no more charms than her tongue, I dare trust you alone with her, without one jealous pang.

Flor. Pray take your spark with you Madam, for if you should relapse, 'twill save you the trouble of coming back again and being laugh'd at.

Dor. I have so much good nature Madam, that I had rather make you laugh by coming for him again, then weep by taking him from you now.

Viol. Mr. Reveller take the Lady home with you for shame, and put on clean linnen both; 'tis mightily sullied with last nights Rambling.

Dor. 'Tis Whiter now then ever your Mother wash'd, and finer then ever her Children wore when the Father was Lord-Mayor and made 'em ride in his Pageants to save charges.

[Exit Dorinda.]

Flor. Devill, does she know us?

Sr. Tho. A Tite Baggage by the Sons of *Apollo*: now Madam I hope I may go down with you.

Viol. Ple ask my mother *Sr. Thomas*;

[Unmasques]

Flor. And Ple tell *Florella* how constant you are.

[Unmasques to Y. Rev.]

Y. Rev. Oh your Servant, d'you think I did not know you.

Sr. Tho. Here's fine work.

Viol. O yes, and fordid your Father:

Sr. Tho. Now Impudence; I gad, and so I did Kidnies, and rallyed accordingly, did not I *George*, Lye Lustily you Dog, and Ple be familiar with you for a fortnight.

Y. Rev. Why *Sr. Thomas* told me of you Ladys, saw when you came out, and we set you accordingly.

Flor. This will not do sweet Mr. Sly, therefore follow your Damsell and trouble me no more.

Viol. Is this the Lady that was with you last night when Mr. *Raison* stood Centinell to Secure the pass from your Father?

Flor. Good man, we saw the Wife come in this morning, and he following an hour after, and begging pardon for his staying out so Wickedly, but said it was to preserve a Lady from the sight of *Sr. Thomas* who would have forc'd her from his Son.

Sr. Tho. Well said Waggtails.

Y. Rev. Well Madam, then you see there are those that will be less shy of their Persons and not so severe with their tongues.

Flor. And the fittest for your Purpose.

Enter several Women *Sr. William Thought*, Cap.

Bounce, two or three Beaux, &c.

Y. Rev. Well Madam, if I have but Patience, I finde here's encouragement for Chapmen of my nature: When you Celebrated Beauties are gone, I may have hopes among some of the ordinary sort.

Flor. Yes you may make Love as the poor go to market; when the Choice is bought up, you'll have the better Pennyworth in the fragments.

Sr. Tho. Sirra, Sirra, she's too hard for you, give over while you'r well, for

for she'll make as great an Ass of thee at Board, as she would of me in bed.

Y. Rev. In Language and in Love the females are allways too hard for us, they will have the last blow, but I'll leave you to take up the Cudgels.

Sr. Tho. No, hold there Sirra, if they make so little of you, they'll make nothing of me presently.

Flo. Well said Sr. Thomas, don't let him go.

Y. Rev. Madam, I have an appointment.

Sr. Tho. Therefore you shan't go you dog.

Y. Rev. Sr. there is an old saying, never spoil sport, and so forth.

Sr. Tho. I know it Rogue, I know it; but I am like Rivals; when one is despis'd, let him do all he can to hinder the other.

Viol. Adsmo Sr. Thomas, yonder's some London Sparks come down this morning, some City things; and Covent-Garden Beaux, pray let's rally a little with 'em.

Flo. Ay but let Sr. Thomas and his Son be within call, for they say your Beaux when they cannot talk with a woman are apt to Beat 'em.

Y. Rev. Not when they've a man with 'em; indeed when they'r alone they'r like Hackney-Coachmen, if they wont come to their terms they'll unrig 'em.

Sr. Tho. How d'you Miss? do you come to take the Waters in hopes of being fruitfull, or to destroy some Unlawfull Conception?

Masque. Neither, I came to satisfy my sight with Sr. Thomas-Reveller.

Sr. Tho. With me Child, I gad I'm a Noun-Substantive, and am to be seen, felt, heard or understood; prithee Child let's walk off a little, and be better inform'd of each Other.

Sr. Thomas and Masque goes to the upper end of the Stage.

Mrs Raifon takes Y. Reveller aside, the Beaux

come down to Florella and Violante.

1. Beaux. Madam, will you please to eat some Sweet-meats, they'll expell the Winde and take off the coldness of the Waters.

Viol. I thank you Sir, but I never drink any.

1. Beaux. The better hopes for a Lover, if your Spirits are not chill'd; Madam I should be happy to be warm in such Comfortable Inclinations as your Ladyship is able to bless me with.

Viol. Indeed Sir, my inclinations are as Comfortless as the Waters you speak of, for I'm troubled with a fit of the Spleen, and desire to be in private.

1. Beaux. I should be accessary to your disquiet to encourage your melancholly by leaving you; and there—

Viol. You will be accessary to your being ill-used if you encourage your Impertinence.

1. Beaux. Ah Madam, we Lovers and Pilgrims in the Devotion of the fair Sex, must bear much More, the fiercer you are at first in your Indignation, the fonder you are at last of an Assignation.

2. Beaux. Rot her, let her depart, she'll follow us anon.

Viol. For what, your charity, let me alone till that time comes, and you'll oblige me.

Sr. Will. to *Flor.* Madam, Madam, this will not pass upon me.

Flor. No Sir, nor you upon me, I told you my minde before.

Sr. Will. Pshaw, Pox, I know thee well enough; come, come, unmasque, & let's be familiar as we have been.

Flor. What d'you take me for one of the Orange Wenchs at the Play-house, that fasten upon every fool they meet with.

Viol. And disturb the rest of the Audience with their nauseous Impudent behaviour.

2. *Beaux.* I protest I think the Ladys are somewhat in the right of that, those Creatures are very Ignominious, and I see 'em encourag'd by great persons, & I think it a Scandalous object to see Quality condescend to be familiar with the Spawn of a Coftermonger.

Flor. Do you use the Play-house much, Sir?

2. *Beaux.* Out of Gratitude to the Ladys, Madam, who are Pleas'd to bestow many favours on me by the Way of Ogle, Fan, the Language of the fingers, I am mightily Envy'd by the men, and have Obsery'd that whenever there is any Jest in a Play Relating to a neat cleanly slender well-shap'd man, the whole Audience have turn'd upon me, and maliciously ridicul'd the Perfections they could not not attain to.

Sr. Will. Pox o' this Pappy Madam.

Flor. Nay pray, Sister, let's humour this fool and seem fond of him.

Viol. Ay Sir there are abundance of those Envious fellows who are in their hearts as much *Beaux* as the most eminent, and only rail at others because they are not Lik'd themselves.

2. *Beaux.* There are so Madam, but 'tis a harder thing to be a *Beaux* then they Imagine.

Viol. Pray Sir, what are the Ingredients I beseech you which accomplish so fine a Person?

2. *Beaux.* Oh your Servant Dear Madam: why in the first place, he must have a very white hand; if it be not so by nature, he must make it so by Art, and he must be constantly taking Snuff or picking his teeth.

Viol. Before or after Dinner Sir.

2. *Beaux.* No matter which, it is not that there is occasion for picking his teeth, but it gives an opportunity of shewing the beauty of the skin; he must avoid all Wine for fear of Pimples; he ought to have a mighty Sweet breath; but that very few *Beaux* have, they ruine 'em all with Calshaw; he must keep in upon Windy days, never miss *Coven-Garden* prayer, and if he receives visits in Bed he must lye in his Perewig.

Flor. And pray Sir—

Sr. Will. Gad take me Madam, I knew a *Beaux* once that flux'd for a Complexion.

Viol. But how d'you pass away the time?

2. *Beaux.* Why Madam, it never lyes heavy on our hands, we have hourly so many billet Daux from Ladys, that we are almost work'd off our Legs; you never saw a *Beaux* with a full Leg. But really now and then the Knavish Wits at *Will's* Coffee-house will direct Letters for us as from Women, appoint a meeting

meeting too, and make us sit sometimes in a Hackney-coach six or seven hours in the Cold, and the Devil of any Soul comes near us.

Sr. Will. Pshaw, pox o' these *Beaux* they'r damn'd poor Rogues, the little stock they have goes all to Perewig-makers and Washer-women, come Child lets to the Ship, where we'll have a rich Digner, Fiddles, & mirth in abundance.

Flor. Sir I thank you, but I like this Company much better.

Sr. Will. Why, they have not wherewithall to make thee Drink childe, they're as pennyless as a Jew on his Sabbath; come along Lasses, I'll provide ye

Flor. No rudeness Sir.

2. *Bea.* Pray Sir desist.

Sr. Will. Damn me, not I.

Viol. What Insolence is this?

Boun. Be civil, or I shall unrig.

Sr. Will. Nay, nay, come along.

Flor. Fools.

Sr. Will. Gilt, this shan't do.

2. *Bea.* If you dare go out Sir.

Sr. Will. I shall wish this Lady.

Viol. Mr. Reveller.

T. Rev. Nay Gentlemen, be not boisterous to so tender a Sex, but let 'em go.

Boun. Ounds what d'you mean?

T. Rev. I'll tell you Rascalls, come *Beaux*, fools and Bullies, seek for Company that's fitting for you.

Sr. Will. S'death shall I draw Bounce?

Boun. Do, 'tis but retiring, I warrant he shan't hurt us.

2. *Bea.* Sr. this affront.

T. Rev. Asses.

Sr. Will. You're a Son of a Whore.

[*They all draw upon Rev. the Women run out crying Murder.*]

Enter *Sr. Thomas, Sas. and Rais.*

Sr. Tho. What's here 4. upon one, Courage *George*, Rascalls.

Sas. For the honour of the 12 Companies.

Re-enter *Sr. Tho. Sas. and Rais.*

[*beat 'em off, Rais gets behind*]

[*Sas. and fights over his head.*]

Sr. Tho. S'death, the Rogues heels are as nimble as their tongues.

Sas. *Beaux* d'you call 'em, I have bounce'd one of 'em, I have made his head ring, I warrant him, I wonder at the Impudence of these fellows that would Engross all the women to themselves, and dare not look a man in the face.

Rais. We should have fine work this Summer if our Fleet were man'd with such.

Sr. Tho. Pshaw, pox, these are bastard *Beaux*, Councillors Clerks kept by their Mistresses, and palm'd upon us at *Epseme*, and these places for Gentlemen; I know abundance of very honest hearty fellows they call *Beaux*, who setting by their blinde side of being a little over-heat will be Drunk with their friends, fight for their friends, pimp for their friends, and do what friends ought to do; But these are Scoundrells, awkward things of your Chocoleit-house that depend upon Ordinarys, and go to Twelve with a Charitable man at the Groom-Porters, *Beaux* to day and beggars to morrow, for whose coming into the World no man e're rejoyc'd, or for whose going out any will ever Grieve.

Sas. I have seen these spruce Tits look as Scornfully and as sour upon a plain dress'd Country-Gentleman as a Grumbletonian upon a Clergy-man that has taken the Oaths—but neighbour *Raison* what made you keep so behinde me all the fray, and push me forward?

Rais. Why in case you had been run thorough, I had been ready to have carryed you off in my arms.

Sas. A pox of your Civility, but 'tis much better as 'tis.

Sr. Tho. But come let's after these haggagets to dinner, where if occasion be, you must vouch for me.

Sas. In what?

Sr. Tho. Why that I knew *Florella* and *Violante* for all their Masques.

Sas. Why, were those they you talk'd to?

Sr. Tho. Ay, I gad, stand by me or the mother will give me over else, can you swear heartily?

Rais. Are we not tradesmen, what a question's that to a Shop-keeper?

Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Park.

Enter Young Reveller.

Y. Rev. I am Punctual to my time, 'tis just one by the Sun-dyall, if this Lady should convince me, she is honest, and has a fortune, I might be fool enough to Love her in good earnest; and that would be a Rascally triek to *Florella*; she has Youth, Wit, Beauty and money; this has Youth, more wit, and Beauty, and may have more mony: I but *Florella* was my first Mistress; well, but this is my first Love, I only like the other as yet, Pox on't I'll not trouble my self with the Puncto of the matter, Let the Stars take their Course and fortune use her Pleasure.

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Mr. Reveller.

Y. Rev. Here my little *Peter* of Paradice may I enter?

Aunt. follow me.

Y. Rev. Fill I'm weary on so good an errand.

[Exit Aunt and Y. Revell.]

SCENE

SCENE IV. Dorinda's Apartment.

Dor. Now to my Lover, this Intrigue 'twixt him and *Florella* I would feign break off; I have consider'd and weigh'd every thing, and upon second thoughts Promise my self more security and satisfaction in *Reveller* as a Lover than a husband, for howsoever fond he may seem, nay, even to marriage, when I am known as I must be, nothing but Destruction can be my reward; however Ple so order it that he shall think the Conquest worth his Labour, and fancy he's the Only victor here.

Enter Aunt and Y. Reveller.

Are you not much Surpriz'd Sir at my boldness? will not my freedom make me less esteem'd? men ought to Wooe.

Y. Rev. They do so always when they are encourag'd, but where they are approv'd and know it not, they cannot justly sure be thought the worse of: Errors of Ignorance are most excusable, fools often fancy all that sees 'em Loves, but Prudent men their Imperfections know and give no way to such self-flattery.

Dor. But men too often when they think they are Lik'd affect a negligence of what esteems 'em: You're naturally vain without occasion, but on the least advantage most Intollerable; many pretend to favours ne're receiv'd, others regardless seem when we strike first: So fickle and so foolish are your Sex, 'tis more for Vanity than Love you Court, nothing so Wretched till we give you credit, nor nothing more uneasy till you've told it.

Y. Rev. Such follies are, but such ne're enter'd here; I of a Contrary temper am: Enjoyment is the least of my affection, Tho' 'tis the Crown of all alone, 'tis worthless: were Heav'n as easy gain'd as it is wish'd for, the blessing scarce would tempt us from this world, Improving Fancy, constant Conversation, frequent Addresses fed with Courteous hope makes me uneasy till I am possess'd, but when possess'd, then my Impatience comes, then I am eager to encrease my Joys, and still the last breeds appetite for more.

Dor. How charmingly he talks: Well, you have cunningly excus'd your self: Bring Dinner in; come Sir, sit down there opposite, that with full pleasure we may view each other.

Y. Rev. My Eye will have the greatest Banquet, Madam.

Dor. Your Ear too shall be entertain'd.

Enter Servants with Dinner. An Entertainment of Musick.

Come Sir, you seem uneasy.

Y. Rev.

T. Rev. Blast not my Entertainment with that thought Madam, my senses are all charmed with such perfection, they Crowd which shall be first Gratified.

Dor. Some Wine, come Sir, health to that sence which is your Favourite.

T. Rev. This distance serves it Madam.

Ann. Sir, with my Neices leave I'll change places with you, give me some Wine: come Sir, to the Delicious prosperity of your Emergent Inclinations.

T. Rev. Nay, fill it Madam, 'tis the Ladys health.

Ann. Here is enough, Sir.

T. Rev. I beseech you.

Ann. Nay, Pray Sir.

T. Rev. Your pardon Madam, please your self.

Ann. Well that kind word has wrought upon me I hate to be impos'd on, come then since it is left to me, a little more, — up with it now; we Women can never have too much of a good thing, come Neice, your health.

T. Rev. Up with it full as my Love, come Madam, to your wifes satisfaction.

Dor. And to a good understanding betwixt yours and mine.

T. Rev. Cunning and sweetly hinted; pluck up a spirit you Dog, take tother Bumper and be facy.

Dor. Sing the Scotch Song I love so.

Now Sir, if you please we'll retire to another Apartment, for this is litter'd.

T. Rev. Heaven grant she may have Faith to believe, and Charity to Relieve, or I'm a dead man; for I like her to madness; this retiring carries somewhat of the face of a Bed-chamber in't, she has a Rare sleepy Eye which they say Tildome falls; if she have any Comfortable Waters I'll drink her into Compliance.

Dor. Your hand Sir.

T. Rev. My heart's in your own Madam.

Dor. I fear my Ruine.

But oh with such a bait I am Drawn in,

It may excuse tho' not forgive the Sin.

[Exit Dor. Rev.]

Ann. Now all's well and my fears are over, and sure none can blame my Discretion in this point; 'tis true 'tis not altogether so honest as I could wish it, but the Prudent part of it is good, and I am secur'd from the thoughts of being undone, which of necessity I must have been any other way, and she had better have two gallants then none.

Pardon me thrasly, I'll ease upon the Score

Of less security I'll ease her store,

'Tis to Preserve him whom she had before.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Florella in Boys Cloaths, Violante

Masquerading

Viol. Thou art a mad Girl to transform thy self thus from one Sex to another.

Flo. Well, were I a man I should be a very wicked fellow; there's such an Air and freedom belongs to Breeches, to what our Dull and dragging Petticoats allow of, that adhearaliks I fancy my self of the Masculine Gender, and am for ravishing the first woman I meet; Prithet let me try upon thee, 'tis the fashion now to begin with Relations.

Viol. Well said mad-cap, thou makest a very pretty Rakehell, and I could almost wish thee Capable of being a husband that I might have the honour of taking down your presumptuous Spirit.

Flo. This reckon'd with I court Mrs. *Raison*, and try if the Lady be constant to my Inconstant Rogue, or whether she's for making the most of her time? I fancy she's a right bred City-dame, fond of every young fellow that can tender her ready money upon her Counter.

Viol. If you can but manage the mans part well ne're fear it.

Flo. All but part of the man I am pretty well provided for; I can huff, and be Saucy, be troublesome in Rumbling their Cloaths, and talk a great while seem to be familiar and force whispers, Drop out an affected Oath and take Snuff, Stare till my eyes are as stiff as my Crevat-string, Laugh only at my own Jest, and be only the Jest of the Company, and these are the greatest Materials of the fools that make Love now a-days; then I will Ogle, Tip, and Leer with either Court or City-Fop from the Jews Synagogue to St. *Ann's Church* in So-ho, or St. *James* in German-Street. Well I'm sure to be diverted, but our Company Encreases.

Enter Mrs. *Raison* in mans Cloths, severall others, Lady Hazard

Lord Worthy Sir Thomas Sas. and *Raison*, &c.

Mrs. Rais. Now for the Ladys, 'tis Youth and Beauty, not Sence and Breeding Conquers now adays; I think I'm a pretty man whate'ro I am for a woman: and this beardless boy may have as good success with the fair Sex, as if I had been a Page in a particular Family, and Destin'd from my Childhood for a comfort to my Ladys old age: I must finde

finde out *Florella* whom I will Court with such an eagerness, that if she seems inclining, I'll make young *Reveller* curse her from his heart, and think her easy to each Fops address.

Rais. I wonder which is my Wife among all these *Sr. Thomas*.

Sr. Tho. I don't know which is thy Wife, but I believe any of 'em may be thy Whore upon a good Occasion; I never saw such confusion of *Babell*.

Rais. My Lamb is among 'em that's certain, But I know no more how to distinguish her then a Shepherd a stray sheep that's mixt with another flock.

Sas. This is a heavy Life *Sr. Thomas* we lead; sitting up all night, and being sick all day, Disturbing all Men, and abusing all Women; Loving all mischief, and Hating all good; affecting of Lewdness, when you know you're Incapable, this will bring you to the Devill in time old Knight.

Rais. Ay, and thee, and I, if we do not reform *Sas*, I'm affraid shall sweat in those Everlasting Hummums with him.

Sr. Tho. No pox, thou hast a Proverb on thy side; thy Sponse will save thy Soul in spite of thy teeth.

Rais. All in good time, your worship's coming into the nooze, my Lady *Hazard* may give me an Opportunity of returning your jest, for they say Merchants Widdows are as good at it, as Tradesmens Wives.

Sas. I faith Sir *Thomas* you are too blame I think, considering your age, and what a brisk Son you have, to think of Matrimony, you'l not only Rob her of her Joynture, but cheat her expectations.

Sr. Tho. Good lack d'ye hear the Batchelor, prithee old Cracker of other mens pipkins trouble thy head with thy own abilitys, and distrust not mine: Gadsookers I am a Boy to thee yet, thou shavings of Harts-horn and Ivory.

Enter Young Reveller.

Th. Reve. *Cælia was Coy and hard to Win,
With Artfull Cunning play'd the Virgins Part,
But when she once had try'd the Sin,
She hugg'd the Charming Tingling dart,
Cry'd nearer Dearest to my heart,
Thou'rt Lord of all within.*

Oh what a Luscious Feast of Love I've had, the unexpected Conquest rais'd the Joy; full of desire and trembling with my doubts I lay half-satisfy'd, then half destroy'd, she cry'd, oh do not, do not ruine me; Weakly she struggl'd till she seem'd quite tyr'd, then fainting sigh'd; do force me Villain, do: I took the yielding moment in its Prime, and sent my expiring Soul to seek for hers.

Flor.

Flor. So, there's *Reveller*, but I can't find out this *Mrs. Raison*, I'm sure she is among 'em; I have a Trick to play her, and would no more be disappointed in my Mischief, than she would in her man.

Mrs. Rais. What can become of this *Florella*? there's my Villain whom I will plague with Jealousy, if possible, as much as he has tortur'd me.

L. Wort. Dear *George*, your late she Company has mourn'd for you.

Y. Reve. Oh! Friend, such an Adventure, such Joy, such Delight, such unspeakable Pleasure, incomprehensible Transport; Imagination cannot reach it, Fancy draw it, Nature match it, the World value it, Art improve it.

L. Wort. What the Devil, art thou mad?

Y. Reve. Mad, aye; and so would you, had you been where I have; seen what I have; felt, heard and understood, what I have; thou hadst been in the uppermost Region by this time.

L. Wort. Dear *George*, What is it?

Y. Reve. I'll tell you when my Soul's cool enough for my Tongue to relate it; at present, Reflection's so vast in my thoughts, it stifles my Speech, being above its expression.

Flor. Some fair Lady, I suppose Sir.

Y. Reve. You may suppose Sir, but ask no questions as you value your Nose, Sir.

Flor. Did the Lady you Dinn'd with, entertain you kindly, Sir?

Y. Reve. Look you Sweet-heart, I gave thee a caution about Questions; such familiarity at first sight, is not agreeable to my Constitution, therefore keep thy Tongue within compass, lest my Feet go beyond measure.

Flor. I won't provoke the Rogue, lest he should be as good as his word, and force me to discover my self: Where the Devil is this dry'd Fig of his?

Sir Tho. Sirrah, Sirrah, Where have you been till this time?

Y. Reve. About some urgent Business of my own, Sir.

Sir Tho. Of the Devil's you Dog, the Flesh and the Spirit: Ounds, Sirrah, What is the meaning I can't Whore and Drink with you?

Y. Reve. There is a natural Infirmary, Sir, allyed to *sy.* which in cases of this Matter, do bear a debilitated Influence over the frigiditated Circumstances of halting Inclination, which being preingag'd to a foregoing want of Power, renders the Faculties incapable of exerting those necessary Ingredients which commonly are requir'd in the Eager Occurrences of Predominant Desire.

Sir Tho. Why, you Rhodomontading, Canting, Bantering, Sputtering —

[Offers to strike him.

L. Wort. Hold, hold, Sir *Thomas*.

Sir Tho. Why, the Rogue's a Bantring of me, spitting out his superfluous Bombast, and ridiculing my Understanding, as if his Father was liable to his nonsensical Raillery: Get out of the House, Sirrah.

Omnes. Nay, hold, Sir *Thomas*, not so.

Sir Tho. I have liv'd to a fine age, a fine time I mean indeed — Sirrah, get you out.

Lady Haz. Nay, Sir *Thomas*, let me intercede.

Sir Tho. Why, 'tis a shame, Madam, what an impudent Son in Law will he be to your Ladyship, when 'tis such an insolent Rascal to his own Father.

H

Lady Haz.

Lady Haz. I warrant you, Sir.

Y. Reve. Hark, you Sir, lay by your mustiness, or my Lady shall know how brisk your Worship was at the *Wells* to all the Masques you met with.

Sir Tho. Dog-Rogue, shall she so — well; I won't disturb the Company now, but another time.

[*Winks at his Son, and puts his Finger on his Nose.*]

Lady Haz. Come, come, a Dance.

All. Aye, a Dance, a Dance.

Sir Tho. Gad so, it's break o' day : Come on then, strike up now Rogue, I'll frigiditate you.

[*Cuts a Caper.*]

Enter Dorinda and Aunt.

Dor. My Fears are true, and he is false as Hell.

Aunt. What could you expect less from such a wild Fellow?

Dor. Peace, Mischief! inconstant Villain, alter'd in an hour —

Are all those Charms which extasy'd his Sences,
Those melting Joys, his Life could scarce dispence with;
When all his Spirits with excess of bliss,
Lay gasping as in Fits struggling for vent,
As if his Soul had sickned with the pleasure,
And nature could not bear the vast delight.

Aunt. Come, will you go home, now you'r satisfied?

Dor. There's *Worthy*, and *Violante*, whom he spoke of,
That is *Florella*, whom he's coupled with;
I'll stay and watch a little, tho' I burst.

L. Worr. Oh! here's more company; Ladies, will you Dance?

Dor. Not yet, Sir, if you please.

L. Worr. Your time's your own.

Dor. Why, there's another Villain, whom tho' I love not, I hate to think another should get from me.

Lady Haz. Hold, *Sir Thomas*, I swear you'll kill us all; there is no Dancing with you.

[*Dance.* All the time of Dancing, *Sir Thomas* calls to his Son; about *George*, there's frigiditate for you.]

Sir Tho. Aye, Madam, here's a true *English*-heart for you, uncorrupted with the gross Luxuries of the Age, a plain well-bred North-Country Tit, that shall tire Forty of these *Barbary* Colts, and break their Backs Gad take me.

Mrs. Raif. Sure that must be *Florella*, I'll try her.

[*Goes up to Dor.*]

Flor. Certainly that must be the Woman, *Reveller* talk't to at the *Wells*, 'tis just her Shape and Air; I'll bear up to her and try her Inclinations.

[*Goes up to Dor.*]

Viol. Well, my Lord, I'll take into consideration what you say, and if your Inclinations be as Honourable as your Language —

L. Worr. Else, curse me from the Blessing I desire.

Y. Reve. This must be *Florella*: Come, Why so froward little Mad-cap? Do you think it possible to disguise your self from so zealous a Lover?

Wom. I don't know who he takes me for, but I'll humor his supposition for sport sake.

Dor. Confusion, how fond he is!

A

'A Banquet of Sweet-Meats.'

Flor. to *Dor.* Madam, What makes your Ladyship keep so far from the Company, will you not make one at the Collation?

Mrs. Raif. Sir, I had the Honour to speak first to this Lady, and desire you would make your Addresses elsewhere.

Dor. Fools! *[All this while Y. Revel and the strange Woman are toying together, and Dor. is looking at 'em uneasy.]*

Flor. Sir, I hope my Civility, tho' not so early as yours, is no Affront to the fair Lady, and till she tells me, I'm troublesome, I shall follow my own will.

[Both take Dor. by the Hand.]

Dor. Oh! how the Poppers toy Distraction,
Nay, Gentlemen, I never admit Suitors;
I don't know —

Flor. I think I can't be discovered; Madam, to shew how much I esteem your Favour, I'll conceal nothing from you.

Mrs. Raif. A pretty Youth, Madam, I scorn to be out-done.

*[Unmasques.
Unmasques.]*

Flor. I discover'd first, Sir, and now, Sir, I am as much before-hand with you in point of good Breeding, as you were with me in your Approaches.

Aunt. By the pleasures, I have pass'd a couple of sweet Youths: Can't you divert your self with these.

Dor. I hate 'em both.

Aunt. Well, would I had the worst of 'em.

Mrs. Raif. Madam, I'll tell you —

[Reveller Hugging the strange Woman, and making several Ridiculous Postures, kneels down to her; Dor. comes up, and gives him a Box of the Ear.]

Flor. I'll acquaint your Ladyship —

Dor. By Hell, I cannot bear it.

Flor. Hey-day!

Dor. Villain and Traitor.

Y. Reve. Is the Frolick to go round, Madam?

Dor. to *Flor.* and *Mrs. Raif.* If you've Honour, protect me.

Flor. This is lucky, 'tis the I'm sure.

Mrs. Raif. This is some Rival; Madam, my Service.

Dor. Both, Gentlemen. *[They clasp their Hands upon their Swords, and nod at Reve.]*

Sir Tho. Madam, Can I serve you?

Dor. Perdition seize your Generation.

[Ex. Flor. Dor. Mrs. Raif.]

Sir Tho. And the Devil take your Inclination.

Why, what's the meaning of this George?

Y. Reve. Indeed I know not, Sir, some Frolick upon a Wager I suppose.

L. Wor. George, I'd speak with you — my Blood is chill'd o'th sudden; sure, that could not be *Dorinda*.

Y. Reve. I'll wait on you.

Sir Tho. Come Ladies, faith we'll have no bed-time; yet let's into the next Room, there's a fresh Entertainment.

*[Exeunt.
ACT]*

ACT V. SCENE II. *Park.**Enter Doriada, Florella, and Mrs. Raifon, Aunt following.**Dorind.* NOW, as you'r Men of Honour, I intreat you'd leave me to my self.*Mrs. Raif.* Ay, pray Sir, depart; the Lady would be in private.*Flor.* That's what I would be with the Lady, Sir. Come Madam, we're a couple of likely young Fellows, take your choice, and he you approve of, the other shall give way to.*Dor.* Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis late.*Flor.* Early by this hand, Madam, the Sun's just breaking; come, take one of us into your Livery, and see how heartily we'll earn our Wages.*Dor.* I have no business for you.*Flor.* If she knew me rightly, she'd swear it.*Mrs. Raif.* Sir, methinks you might perceive by the Ladies uneasiness, she would willingly have you gone.*Flor.* And methinks Sir, you might perceive by my uneasiness, I'd have you gone.*Mrs. Raif.* Not till the Lady pronounces Sir.*Flor.* Not Sir.*Mrs. Raif.* Not dam me, d'you think I'll be brow beaten.*Flor.* Ha! by Heav'n's, Mrs. Raifon, that awkward huff and stamp betray'd it; I might have look'd long enough for her in Petticoats; ah! I'll swagger lustily, now I know my man— Look you, Sir, either desist, or I'll make you the first dead Carcass this day's Sun shall breed Maggots in.*Mrs. Raif.* Bear up Raifon, and be not daunted, he's too well dress'd to love fighting, and too much like a Courtier to have any Courage, Sir. —*Flor.* Well, Sir. —[*Lay their Hands on Swords.*]*Dor.* Nay, no quarrelling Gentlemen, to end the Dispute since it must be so, let me go in here to my Lodgings, and I'll send for the Man I like best in half an hour.*Flor.* Upon Honor.*Dor.* My Hand on't.*Mrs. Raif.* And me Madam.*Dor.* There Sir, each of you has a Hand, but he that has my Heart shall be resolv'd immediately.*Flor.* We depend on't.*Dor.* As I hope to be satisfi'd in the Embraces of my choice. —*Flor.* Swear by something else, your expectations may halt else.*Dor.* Oh, Reveller! thou Hell and Heav'n, thou Plague and Pleasure, come rid me of these Coxcombs.[*Exeunt Dor. Aunt.*]*Flor.* Now will I bully this the Spark, and revenge my self on her, for Revellers kindness to her: Oh! for the impudence of a true bred Page, and the management of an old Souldier. Sir, being Jealous of my Destiny concerning this Lady, and being likewise so struck with her Eyes and Conversation, that my heart cannot bear the loss of her, should she unluckily pitch upon you; I am resolv'd to try, who most deserves her by the Merit of his Sword, and not her Choice: therefore Draw, Sir.*Mrs.*

Mrs. Raif. Adf-life, What will become of me now? — Draw Sir!

Flor. Draw Sir, ay draw Sir; dam me, d'you think to brow beat me?

Mrs. Raif. 'Tis a pretty Fellow, and I could put him to a better Employment than running me quite through. Sir, I don't think it worth fighting for, till we know her Inclinations, if they claim you, there's no occasion for it, and if it be me —

Flor. That it's impossible; for he that dare but think so damn'd a lye, and so forth —

Mrs. Raif. I never saw such a little fury; I must tame him in my own Sex, for I find this will never do.

Flor. Draw, Sir.

Mrs. Raif. Pray, Sir.

Flor. Rot you.

Mrs. Raif. How, Sir.

Flor. Burn you.

Mrs. Raif. Dear Sir.

Flor. Sink you.

Mrs. Raif. Stay, Sir.

Flor. Dam you.

Mrs. Raif. Hold Sir, I must discover my self.

Flor. Roast, fry and frigacy, chop, slice and mince your Soul into Atoms.

Mrs. Raif. Hold Sir, I am a Woman.

[*Kneels.*]

Flor. This shall not save you.

Mrs. Raif. My name's *Raison*, my Husband keeps a *Grocers* Shop at the *Stocks-Market*; and here he comes to justify it.

Flor. Rise Madam.

Enter Raison.

Raif. I could not find out my Wife, but there was a Woman order'd me to come into the Park, and said, she'd follow me.

Flor. I am resolv'd to thrash him a little, for I'm sure he's a Coward: Sir, Do you know this Lady?

Raif. Lady, Sir; what a Lady in Breeches!

Flor. Aye Sir, she says, she is your VVife; this Lady in Breeches.

Raif. Nay, 'tis no great wonder, for she always wore 'em since I had her.

Mrs. Raif. Oh! dear *Raison*, I disguis'd my self thus for the Masquerade; and making love to a Lady out of waggersy, this Gentleman has drawn upon me.

Flor. Aye Sir, and I don't know but by her impertinence, I've lost the Lady for ever; therefore I will have satisfaction.

Raif. VVhy, Sir; my VVife's excellent at giving every body satisfaction but me.

Flor. No quibbling, Sir; but take her Sword and do me Justice.

Raif. I Sir, why, I'm no fighting man, Sir.

Flor. No fighting man, Sir.

Raif. No Sir, I can pay those that fight, and that's as much as was ever requir'd from a Citizen.

Flor. Not fight, and an Officer in the Royal Regiment!

Raif.

Rais. VVhy, that's only Ornament, Sir; it was never designed for use; but if we would fight, we have taken an Oath, not to strike a blow out of our own VValls.

Flor. If you won't fight, Sir; I must have the satisfaction of kicking you, thus Sir, thus Sir.

Rais. It may be a satisfaction to you, Sir, but little or none to your humble Servant. [Kicks him.]

Mrs. Rais. Nay, Sir, if you have any value for a VVoman, let me intreat for him.

Flor. Well, Madam, to shew I am a Man of Honour, for your sake, I will forbear him;

Rais. Aye, but she let him kick me first.

Flor. And now Mrs. *Florella* has had her Frolick as well as your Ladyship.

Mrs. Rais. and *Rais.* *Florella*, I had some suspicions of that effeminate Face indeed; Confusion, how shall I be laugh'd at!

Rais. I thank you Madam, for the Maiden-head your Bullyship.

Flor. Come, Mr. *Raison*, you'r ne'er the worse Man, and I'll make you ample Satisfaction, for I'll Marry Mr. *Reveller*, and then you may keep your Spouse to your self.

Rais. Well, I am the first Man that ever was kick'd by a Woman, that was not his Wife sure.

Enter Lord Worthy, and Young Reveller.

Flor. Here comes *Reveller* and my Lord *Worthy*, I'll have a Frolick with him too, you'l stand by me Mr. *Raison*.

Rais. Not if he kicks like your Ladyship.

L. Wort. And your first Acquaintance with this Woman, was at the *Wells*?

Y. Rev. The very morning before you came to Town.

L. Wort. Hell, and Confusion; Oh! damn'd Jilt: methinks your Conquest was very easie, considering the Character you give of her Beauty and Conversation, that in three Days, you should bring her to compliance.

Flor. They'r discoursing about a Mistress, I think Mr. *Raison*, pray stand aside a little and observe.

Y. Rev. Faith, what she saw in me, I cannot tell; our Familiarity was somewhat hasty I confess; not but I could have stay'd a twelve Month, so I had been sure at the end, of those Joys she gave last Night.

L. Wort. Damnation on the Artful Whore. Now I reflect, methought to me her Love was all affected, and her Embraces which she seem'd with bashfulness to give, proceeded from uneasiness; by Heaven—Do you not know her?

Y. Rev. The Name she told me, was *Dorinda*: I do believe she is of some Fashion, and Debauched by some Noble Man or other, and kept here for security of not being known.

L. Wort. Legion of Devils burst her canker'd Heart-strings.

Y. Rev. She hurried me away about Nine a Clock out of her back Door: I suppose the Spark was come, for one of her Scouts came and whisper'd her, it was a hearty well wisher to St. *Valentines* Day, for she coupled us as lovingly and as securely, as if she had been to have had me herself; I think she call'd her Aunt: It was the wholsomest look'd Dame—

L. Wort.

L. Wor. O true bred, plump fac'd Baud; then *Florella* is quite laid aside?

Y. Reve. No, my Lord, That I design for my constant Habitation; this is only a Lodging by the by, to divert my self with whenever I'm uneasy at home.

L. Wor. And you'r going now to her?

Y. Reve. If I can gain admittance.

Flor. I'll have a brush with you first *Reveller*; you'r a Son of a Whore.

Rais. Oh fie, draw upon a Woman! [*She strikes him.*
[*He lays Hand on his Sword.*

Y. Reve. What, my little Mad-cap in Breeches!

Flor. Hearing your Father resolv'd not to give you a Groat, and in despair you had got a Commission to go to the Wars, Mrs. *Raison* and I, come to offer our selves as Volunteers.

Y. Reve. Mrs. *Raison*, a couple of amiable Supporters faith, *Aleibiades* never regal'd himself with two Titer Lasses — My Lord, will you take 'em aside a little, till I step in to this *Dorinda*; for I am very impatient to know the meaning of that Box o'the Ear.

L. Wor. A friendly Request truly — but I shall alter your Joys speedily: Ladies, pray walk this way a little?

Mrs. Rais. Mr. *Reveller*, won't you?

Y. Reve. I'll but correct my Watch by the Sun-Dial, and —

L. Wor. Let him alone, Madam.

[*Ex. Y. Reve.*

Flor. So, he's gone to his Mistress, I'm sure.

Mrs. Rais. What, the Lady that gave him the Box o'the Ear?

Rais. Gad I believe the whole Sex are turn'd Kickers and Cussers.

L. Wor. The same, Madam, and if you'll promise me to use your Interest to your Sister, to pardon me in some things I have err'd in; I'll not only restore you Mr. *Reveller* wholly to your self, but entertain you with an unexpected piece of Diversion.

Flor. I do not know what you mean; but in any thing that's Honourable, your Lordship may command me.

L. Wor. I ask no more, Madam.

Flor. Hey-day! here's Sir *Thomas* and my Lady, with Fiddles; 'tis a mad old Knight; my Mother will never recover the Fatigue of this Nights disorder.

Enter Sir Tho. Reveller, Lady Hazard, Violante, Safaph, and Musick.

Lady Haz. For Heav'n's sake, Sir *Thomas*, give over your Frolick; I am so sick and untoward, pray let me and my Children go to rest.

Sir Tho. Not till Night faith, Madam, and then not much Rest neither; for I am resolv'd we'll Dance to a Priest, and be made Flesh and Blood out of hand.

Lady Haz. How, Sir *Thomas*?

Sir Tho. Even so, my Lady; it must be done, and no time for sitting as now we are in a good humor, therefore let's nick it; Widows when they're heated must be kept stirring.

Lady Haz. Oh fie, Sir *Thomas*! it requires consideration.

Sir Tho. Consideration in Matrimony! Nay then, I'll be hang'd, if any man ever weigh'd

weigh'd the State of Marriage seriously, and enter'd into't afterwards ; I'll be bound to answer for my Father's sins.

Flor. I wonder then, *Sir Thomas*, you that have prov'd it once, will venture upon it again.

Sir Tho. Why, How now, you little Smock-fac'd Dog, a pretty Boy faith ; *Sirrah*, if you were in *Italy*—

Flor. Nay, nay ; but answer me as I'm in *England*.

Sir Tho. VVhy, because I'm sure I can't have a worse VVife than I had before ; and I would try if there be any better.

Mrs. Raif. Then I find you Marry more for the Experiment, than for any Comfort the Lady's to have of you.

Flor. Therefore if I might advise my Mother.

Sir Tho. Thy Mother ! —

Raif. *Florella*, and my Wife, *Sir Thomas*, not being loose enough in their own Habits, have chose one to be lewd in with less Scandal.

Flor. Good Sugar-Loaf, none of your Censures ; you know the length of my Foot,

Raif. Yes, and the breadth, I thank you.

Sir Tho. Ah, my little Squirril turn'd hector !

Lady Haz. *Florella*, I wonder at your Frailty, to commit such an Absurdity in Discretion, by giving your self up to —

Sir Tho. Nothing but a harmless Frolick, Madam ; I beseech your Ladyship not to construe it worse than it is.

Viol. Well, my Lord, you have behav'd your self so like a Man of Honour in this discovery of your Mistress, that it shall no way turn to your prejudice in my esteem.

L. Wort. Heav'n make me capable of deserving so much Goodness.

Sir Tho. But where's *George*, what's become of that Rogue ?

L. Wort. *Sir Thomas*, I have a favour to beg of you and this good Company ; pray ask no Questions, but follow me into this House ; I have a Key here commands it.

Lady Haz. What should this mean ?

Sir Tho. Faith, I know not ; but let's follow him.

Flor. Now *Vulcan* and *Venus* will be caught in a Net.

Mrs. Raif. Some Comfort, I shall know who this Rival is ; come Husband.

Raif. Ay, VVife, where you please.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Dorinda's Apartment, Revellers following of her.*

Y. Reve. Can nothing appease you ?

Dor. Ungrateful Villain ! VVas the Prize so poor, it could not merit one Night's Confrancy.

Oh ! Curse upon my Folly which betray'd me,

VVhich gave such hasty Credit to thy Oaths :

My Generosity overcame Discretion,

And I'm despis'd for being kind too soon.

Y. Reve. Conscience, give way a little, Madam ; by Heav'n, I went strait home ; nay, was in Bed when my Father came and pull'd me out, and forc'd me to go with him.

Dor.

Der. By Hell! 'tis false; you won't stick thicker, I had you jugg'd.

Y. Rev. So, that won't do then. Why, then, as I know, I should have been pull'd out of my Bed if I had not gone; and I am here now.

Der. Why? Did you not swear as you would not see *Florella* last Night?

Y. Rev. The Devil take me, if I know't; I find'd several for her; but as I hope to be reconcil'd to you, I did not to my knowledge see her; and to make you amends, I won't see her this Week.

Der. You'd sooner hang your self.

Y. Rev. Nay, if you won't believe —

Der. I have believ'd too much, and you have promis'd more than you can keep.

Y. Rev. By the dear Joys possess'd, I will be faithful.

Der. And will you not marry *Florella*?

Y. Rev. Buy Trouble so dear, when I can have Pleasure so cheap.

Der. And you will never?

Y. Rev. Impossible! I should keep mine here eyes with thee thus, and scorn thy Sex besides.

Der. Oh, take me all then! thus let us grow and never separate.

[Embraces.]

L. Wors. within. By Heav'n, a streak destroys thee down.

Enter Worthy, his Sword drawn, and forcing the Aunt upon her Knees.

Bawd, down.

Der. Destruction, thou art come!

Y. Rev. My Lord!

L. Wors. Put up *George*; here's my Aim.

[Reve. draws.]

Y. Rev. Honour forbid that, and a Man so near, holds him.

[Runs at Der.]

L. Wors. I thank thee; my Passion was too violent: What canst thou say, perfidious hellish Jilt?

Der. I am struck o'th sudden, and have nought to help me; where art thou cunning, thou Devil at a pinch, canst thou be backward when a Woman wants thee?

Y. Rev. The meaning of all this?

L. Wors. I'll tell thee *George*: Oh! had I trusted thee before, thou hadst not wrong'd me.

Der. Or had I caution'd him, thou hadst not know it: Curse on my Folly —

L. Wors. This Lady that has been thy Whore, was once my Mistress; this Reverend Matron sold her to me; her Father was an ancient Servant in our Family, and dying, left her with this Widow'd Aunt, whose curs'd Avarice, betray'd her to me. In short, I had her for 500 l. for I did love her (to my shame I own it) above the World: 'Tis six Years since, in which time her Ladyship has somewhat weaken'd my Estate; for as I had no Will above her Love, I had no Power above her Will; all she commanded, and she has well repaid me; thy Ignorance, and my Breach of Friendship in not trusting thee, makes thee unblamable; but she sure's doubly damn'd, to wrong me with the only Man she knew my Friend.

Y. Rev. By Heav'n it staggers me, and I could wish —

L. Wors. It is too late, forget her as I shall, and we shall be much happier. What sayest thou *Bawd*, is't true what I have said?

Der. Ay, let her speak; I'll stand to what she says.

L. Wors.

L. Worr. Says, in issue of Aug. 11, "Mirinda [Dell] Gallowayson, clerk of the court, threatened to run away and leave me alone, if I did not comply; and being old and incapable of getting bread in any other employment, I thought it better to work at her dictation, than to starve with her indifference."—

Y. Kure. I'll tell him; if I know it.

Mrs. Kure. Madam, this has been a long time ago.

Der. So has an Afs, Confusion on ye all.

L. Wor. Nay, not so fast good Madam, we'll part with a Witness, tho' we meet with none. Sir Thomas, VVill you enter? —

Don't Must-I then be decided a 'poor infant'?

Enter Sir Tho. Saf. Viol, Lady Haz. Eliza, Mrs. Raif. Raif. etc.

Y. *Revs.* No, let her go, my Lord.

L. Frank Baum, George, dispute it may by the little but of course it is a

Sir Tho. VVhy, what are we to do here, is there any Conveyance we must be VVith-
nesses to?

Y. Rev. Yes, there has been a conveyance, only a default in the drawing it up.

L. Wors. Ladies, Sir Thomas and Gentlemen; I desired your good Company to see me take leave of an old Acquaintance, being resolved to live a solitary distant Life, and bend my whole thoughts towards this kind Lady, I have bid adieu to the only Mistress I had, whom by the way, Sir Thomas your Son has rid me of.

Sir Tho. How, my Son!

L. Wra. I'll tell you more hereafter, Madam; you may rest, I have coded my Triumph.

(Dr. That's the thief has undone me, I could have worked him yet, for all this mischief: but there's a Fortune and a Face, too powerful.

Fiol. Is this the Lady that was so very severe upon our Parents? I suppose you'll walk all at home now, Madam?

⁹ *Dor.* May Jealousie unquenchable possess thee; may Impotence in him still cross thy wishes; and may your love still in despite of both: for thee I have some pleasure in my Ruin; tho' didst intend, I find, for her to leave me; and I have been before-hand with thee, in this. And since we both design'd to cheat each other, it is my Pride, tho' wish the loss I'm cur'd.

Sir Tho. I had my man, and was in fullhood left; A notable Baggage by the Flea-
fures of VVhoring— but what a pox, I'm still in the dark here——

Y. Rev. You shall know all anon, Sir; now Madam, for our design with the old Gentleman: if I seem to be fond of it, I certainly lose it; my Lord shall hear.

Sir The Faith VVidow, we will to Church, and there's an end on't.

Flor. Of Love! indeed it may probably enter the Church, but seldom comes out: Madam, I have a Request to your Ladyship, your shewing a very good Example with Sir Thomas, and really, I have a mind to follow it with his Son, but he's so very perverse towards Matrimony, that without some Assistance of the good Company, my single Interest will never prevail: [*Mrs. Knell*]. What do I hear?

Lady

Lady Har. Why truly, *Phoebe*, I have no aversa Reception to the Gentleman, if his Father be willing.

Sir Tho. VVilling, ay Madam, with all my heart; 15000*l.* you Dog, and you not worth a Groat.

Y. Rev. I thank you Sir, but I value my Freedom above all Fortune.

Sir Tho. You Dog, you have been free ever since you were born, and I'll make you Draw now with your Father.

L. Wor. Ay, ay, 'tis time to leave off rambling. George, so much Beauty and 15000*l.*

Y. Rev. My Lord, had I wherewithal to settle a Joynture upon the Lady equal to her Portion, something might be said; but I have too much regard to my own Honor, to take a Wife who shall twit me hereafter with what she brought me.

Sir Tho. Twit you, Jackanapes, what need you value her Twitting, when the Money is in your own hands. When Wives twit, Husbands may whore with a safe Conscience, Hang-Dog.

L. Wor. No, but Sir *Thomas* shall take the 15000*l.* and settle 2000*l.* a year on you, and make a Joynture equal.

Sir Tho. Pshaw, ne'er trouble your Head, my Lord, I warrant you I'll be a loving Father to 'em.

Y. Rev. As a Jew to his Child that had married a Christian; Sir, if you would give me 50000*l.* I would not marry.

Mrs. Raif. Oh! He has some Honor left I find.

Sir Tho. You would not marry, Rogue.

Y. Rev. No, Sir.

Raif. Come, pray Mr. *Reveller* be persuaded.

Mrs. Raif. VVhat have you to do to persuade him to marry?

Raif. Because I'd willingly have him have a VVife of his own to make use of, that he mayn't borrow of his Neighbors.

Sir Tho. And you won't marry?

Y. Rev. No: pray Sir don't trouble me.

Sir Tho. You Dog, you shall marry, and I'll stand to what my Lord propos'd—but I'll make you marry. I'll have the VVritings drawn presently, and if you refuse, I'll go to Church in a Pet, marry in a Passion, get a Son in a Fury, and disinheret you, you Dog.

Y. Rev. VVell Sir, to avoid the Curse of Disobedience, I will submit; nothing but my seeming aversa could have wrought this.

Flor. I thank you good People, tho I fear I shall repent it.

Mrs. Raif. And will you be such a Villain?

Y. Rev. Faith Madam I have been a great Charge to you, and am very happy I can—

Flor. No whispering now the Man's sold, you have had your pennyworths. I'm sure.

Raif. Come Wife, you had as good live honest, since you find you can't help it.

Mrs. Raif. Why, let him go; here Husband, take what you never had till now, my Heart; your Generosity and good Temper, how ever I have abus'd it, I'll strive to deserve it.

Raif. Why better late than never *Kate*.

L. Wor.

